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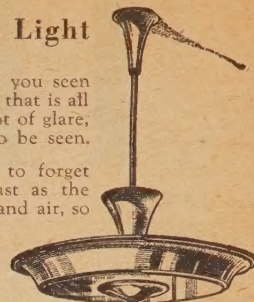
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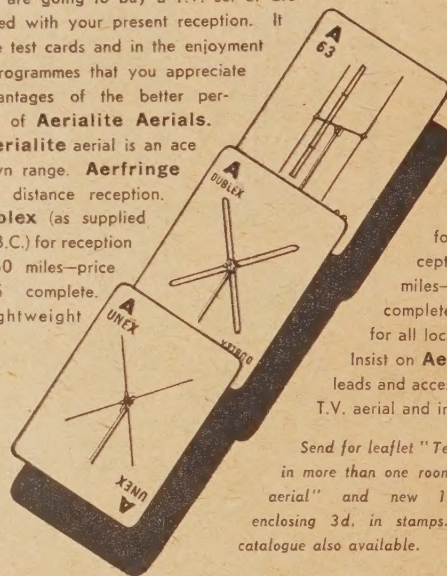
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The Listener

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The Frustration of German Social Democracy

By TERENCE PRITTIE

FIVE years ago the German Social Democrats were regarded, by those allied authorities who had to deal with German political parties, as the solitary 'white hope' of German democracy. These same allied authorities succeeded fairly well in keeping themselves from interfering with German politics—possibly because they knew that patronage of any particular party would only harm it in the long run. But they mostly subscribed to a well-worn theory which had been evolved even before the full-scale allied occupation of Germany began. This was that only the German Social Democrats had offered real resistance to the Nazis; that German conservatism had, albeit with handkerchief applied to upturned nose, helped Hitler into power; and that German liberalism had simply melted away at the burning touch of tyranny.

Hitler, after all, had to hound the Social Democrats out of the Reichstag at a time when middle-of-the-road politicians were making their terms with him. Hitler had found all sorts of unexpected supporters for the 'Enabling Act' which gave him the powers of a dictator. Conservative Germany, in the shape of the General Staff, eventually rebelled chiefly because Hitler was losing the war and making a reasonable peace impossible. But Social Democratic opposition—although, perhaps, it burrowed too far below the surface of things—was never completely extinguished. In the homes of the intellectuals, in the corners of concentration camps, in sad little colonies in Britain and America, the spirit of genuine German socialism was kept alive, ready for use in the coming age of emancipated humanitarianism.

German socialists with whom I have spoken seem to have had in their own minds a ready-made blue print for the projected allied-inspired 'reorientation' of the German people. There was to be no spirit of revenge, no reparations for war damage which the German people—as opposed to the Nazi Government—never meant to inflict.

There was, really, to be no occupation as such, only a temporary residence on German territory of allied executors winding up the unwholesome heritage of Hitler.

The German socialists looked for reconciliation between the German and other peoples. They looked for a 'decent solution' in central Europe. They expected the helping hand of friendship to ease their many problems. Continually they referred and still refer to those wartime allied broadcasts which told them that the Western Powers had no quarrel with the German people—only with Hitler and his kind. The German Social Democrats believed that things were going to be made easy for them. For that matter, they believed they deserved that much. This being the case, they were shockingly disappointed. Like everyone else they were treated as members of a beaten nation. Like everyone else they starved. The terrible food shortages of the years 1945 to 1947, moreover, hit the Social Democratic members of society harder than anyone else. For their supporters lived in the great towns, which had no independent source of food supply. By comparison with them, the farmers prospered. At least, they never went hungry.

The Social Democrats were to a certain extent left in the lurch in the dark 'hunger-years' when they had most need of allied sympathy. They were left in the lurch even more when first an Economic Council and then a Parliamentary Council were set up to reorganise economically and reorder politically the west German state. For, preaching economic free enterprise, the Christian Democrats soon found a useful, if guardedly careful patron in the American occupying power. They were never 'out of touch', and the American political officers in Bonn acted as carrier pigeons between their superiors and the leaders of the party which today controls German national affairs. The Social Democrats stayed out in the cold—for the British are notoriously neutral.

These things have to be recalled, if only because they help to

explain the present-day frustrations and failures of German Social Democracy. Imagine the genuinely 'good boys' of a school class being continuously condemned to the writing out of 'lines', because they were lacking in push and charm. The Social Democrats were discouraged, and out of that discouragement sprang their abysmal failure in the first Federal Parliament. To a limited extent, the goats were given charge of the sheep and the words of the psalmist were read.

The Suffering Leader

How great was the Social Democratic failure during the first Federal Parliamentary period? This question is important, in that it relates to the further failure of the Social Democrats at the polls in September and to their divided and uncertain counsels today. There seem to have been at least four essential failures on the part of the Social Democrats during those four key years, 1949 to 1953. The first was the subjection of a whole party of men of courage and ideas to a single personality who, for no essential fault of his own, was completely incapable of striking out the bold new course which his party needed. Dr. Kurt Schumacher was minus an arm in the first place and he lost a leg at a critical moment in German history. He was brave, idealistic, and full of charm to the man who met him personally. His only basic failing was that he had suffered too much. Schumacher became a dead weight politically, and the energies of his party comrades were expended in the comradely, but profitless, task of giving his endearing, undying ego decent hospitalisation and a first-class funeral at the end of it.

The second Social Democratic failure was their whole-hearted espousal of the Schumacher theory of 'opposition at all costs'. It was not enough to oppose the European Army Plan and the Revised Occupation Statute. It was equally necessary to vote against every major Governmental bill and to oppose all Government legislation with disciplined bitterness. In every major division, every single Social Democrat voted at the orders of his party whips. Such a record is unique, and the absence of 'rebellion' within the party ranks was the true measure of Social Democratic failure to show the initiative and individuality which alone can make parliamentary opposition constructive and successful.

The Social Democrats failed to find a rallying call for the German people as a whole, and for German youth in particular. Dr. Adenauer, with his usual shrewdness, appropriated the European banner as his party emblem. 'Europa' has become almost a sacred word in Germany today, and the idea of 'European integration'—however vague and unformed—was the major foreign policy vote-catcher in Dr. Adenauer's election programme. 'We don't know who can unify Germany', I was told during the election campaign, 'or who can get a German peace treaty signed. But Adenauer wants a united Europe and he has never stopped saying so. So do we, for we never want to fight another war against our western neighbours'.

The fourth Social Democratic failure was the pathetic attempt to show that the first Adenauer government had not done enough for Germany. This theory was put by the August broadsheet of the party *News from Germany*. The article in question, 'The Miracle of German Recovery', lacked even the question-mark which would have given it some point. Its author, who was later to accuse the Adenauer government of having 'created' over 200 new millionaires, maintained that the German people did not live better than other European nations: that 5,000,000 new homes were still needed: that grave distress existed in various sections of the population: and that the aim of the Adenauer government was to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. The German people, however, decided on September 6 that the real yardstick was not comparison with other nations but with the Germany of 1949, the year that Dr. Adenauer came into office. This decision sharply silhouetted the Roman profile of the government's administrative record.

Finally, the Social Democrats prepared a poor election programme, developed an erratic election campaign, found no alternative to the European Defence Agreement and the Bonn 'General' Treaty, and even resurrected the tragic ghost of the dead Dr. Schumacher on their posters and placards. The significant result of all this was that the election left the Social Democrats worse placed in their struggle for political power than at any time since 1945. This was enough to make those Labour politicians and left-wing diplomats who had tried to give German socialism a helping hand at least revolve in their present political resting-places.

How has German Social Democracy reacted to a political defeat which may keep it indefinitely out of political power? The first reflex has been one of dismay and recrimination. A group of 'liberals' in the

party demanded the overhauling of the party machine and a campaign was soon under way to eject the secretary-general, Fritz Heine. In the town of Hamm, the local Social Democratic supporters 'mutinied' against their leaders. In Frankfurt the Mayor of Bremen, Herr Kaisen, urged the reconsideration of the party's attitude towards the Schuman and European Army Plans and towards the European Political Community. It is noteworthy that the party did better in Bremen in the Federal election than in any other *Land* in the Federal Republic. Herr Kaisen is now one of the moving spirits behind the 'German section of the Socialist movement for a United States of Europe', working along similar lines to M. Spaak in Belgium and M. Mollet in France.

In a speech in Munich at the end of October, Dr. Carlo Schmid, one of the party's foreign affairs experts, by-passed differences within the party when he called for a new policy and the casting overboard of the ballast of outworn doctrinaire ideas. Schmid, accused in some quarters of being a relapsed liberal, declared that his party wanted to nationalise only coal, steel, and chemical industries. He echoed the words of his leader, Herr Ollenhauer, that the party was in no way opposed to private initiative and that it was in favour of the maximum freedom of production and marketing—as long as this helped to raise production and the standard of living. Schmid said that his party was not bound by a rigid dogma but approached politics in the spirit of true empiricism. There should, in fact, be plenty of give and take and readjustment to changing conditions if Social Democracy were to keep step with the march of history.

Schmid was certainly deputed to take this decisive step away from the dog-eared pages of Marx and Bebel. The chairman of the South Hessian branch of the party, Heinrich Fischer, may have made an even more adventurous plunge on his own. On November 29 he told a Frankfurt audience that his party's principles were in no way fundamentally opposed to the Erhard theory of a 'free market economy'. Yet only a few years ago Dr. Schumacher was prophesying early ruin for Germany as a result of the policies of the portly Professor Erhard. Each year, for that matter, I used myself to write an article about Federal Germany's approaching economic difficulties. I gave that up in 1950. It looks as if the Social Democrats are just about to give it up now.

The probability is that Schmid and others will be used to sound opinion during this period of Social Democratic uncertainty and casting about for a plan. The party has become gravely alarmed, not only by its shattering election defeat but by its increasing isolation from the other Socialist parties of western Europe. Changing circumstances have driven the French socialists into the 'European Defence camp'. M. Spaak would readily lead a socialist crusade from Brussels. The Schumacher-Ollenhauer theory of a united Europe, including Britain and Scandinavia, as the sole possible ideal is rapidly becoming out of date. This sense of growing isolation is probably the most powerful and poignant factor in determining party policy in those Bonn headquarters which still proudly flaunt the red flag but which house only the mild latter-day apostles of social revolution.

Working Class that is Politically Split

Alert to the possibility of change the Social Democrats must still evolve a policy which will catch votes. Here the party is confronted by a unique problem—that of a politically split working class. The analysed results of the election on September 6 have shown that between fifty-six and fifty-eight per cent. of the working class vote went to the Social Democrats. At least forty-two per cent., then, went to other parties—primarily to the Christian Democrats in the predominantly Catholic areas of Germany. The Social Democrats, as a result, cannot simply jettison a working class programme. Not only would this lose them some votes to the Communist Party—even in present-day Germany—but it would limit their appeal to that part of the working class electorate which still prefers the advice of the parish priest to that of any political candidate.

As one Social Democratic leader put it to me: 'In 1952 we made communism the main enemy in our campaign to win public confidence. What did we achieve? We reduced the Communist vote in every part of western Germany and we built up contacts in the Soviet Zone which will help to keep alive the spirit of democratic freedom there. In 1954 we shall concentrate on the home front, against our Christian Democratic rivals. And we shall be equally successful'.

The Social Democrats have, indeed, already made a start in this campaign. In the November *Land* election in Hamburg they increased

(continued on page 1133)

The New Turkey: A Valued Friend

By JOHN MAIR

I AM afraid many of us still tend to think of Turkey as an 'eastern' country. The Turkey of the Ottoman Empire was admittedly eastern. And, of course, you cannot change geography. There will always be something about the dry, clear air and immense horizons of Anatolia to remind you that Turkey's other name is Asia Minor. But the first thing I want to stress is that the whole aim of the revolution thirty years ago was to turn Turkey away from the east and to introduce western ideas. Today, though eight out of ten Turks are still peasants, the tractor is rapidly superseding the ox and the wooden plough, and the whole driving force of the new Turkey is essentially western and, indeed, European in character.

The man responsible for the change was an army officer, Mustafa Kemal, who later took the name of Ataturk—'father of the Turks'. And I do not think people outside Turkey yet realise what an extraordinary achievement his was. It is surely remarkable that this one man could change the whole life of a nation. And when you remember that he started with a Turkey defeated in war, stripped of its possessions, and occupied by its victors, you begin to see why the Turkish newspapers still appear with black edges on the anniversary of his death fifteen years ago, and why the Turkish Government has recently built a huge mausoleum in his honour.

As a site for this mausoleum they have chosen Ankara, the capital he founded in Anatolia. And it is an almost inevitable choice. For at Ankara the new Turkey's achievements are brought home vividly. It is a planned city, very much in the modern manner, with wide streets and plenty of open spaces to balance the austerity of steel and concrete buildings, set down dramatically below a steep rock topped by a medieval fortress. When we arrived there the other day, some of my friends compared it with cities they knew in Scandinavia and Germany. And the interesting thing was that no one seemed to think it at all extraordinary that a comparison of this kind with Europe could be made.

But, in fact, it was extraordinary indeed. Because thirty years ago this modern city with all its facilities simply did not exist. There was nothing here but a small Asiatic town of some 20,000 inhabitants. It was a town admittedly with a long history, going back to before the Roman occupation, as the history of towns in Turkey very often does. But it certainly was not a town that anyone would have dreamed of comparing with Europe. For the Turks, Ankara today is symbolic of the New Turkey they are building and it is easy to see why. Because what has been done in Ankara in these thirty years has its parallel in almost every part of Turkish life.

Politically, for example, the new Turkey has done something unique by changing peacefully from single-party dictatorship to democracy. And, what is more, it was a deliberate change, planned over a long period by the dictator himself. It had to be done with some care, and the first attempt broke down. So it did not really get going till the war was over in 1945. But in 1950 we saw the astonishing spectacle of the People's Party, which had been in power for twenty-seven years, allowing itself to be voted out of power in free



The monument to Kemal Ataturk in Ankara

elections by the Democratic Party, an opposition of its own creation. Almost more astonishing, the Democrats have now been peacefully in power for nearly their full term of four years. Relations between the two main parties have not always been easy—they are going through a bad patch at the moment. But they have often been better and certainly never worse, than they are in older democracies further west. Although the Communist Party is banned, there is no witch-hunting and no Turkish McCarthy. Turkey is preparing now for new elections in the spring.

People sometimes ask how deep the Ataturk Revolution has gone. The answer is that this extraordinary political advance would never have been possible if the sweeping social reforms which Ataturk carried through in the 1920s had not become firmly established—reforms which did away with the old Moslem laws governing marriage, divorce, and inheritance, and brought in instead a legal code modelled on that of the Swiss; introduced the western alphabet instead of the old Arabic script, abolished the fez and the veil, and even brought in co-education. At the time people said it could not be done. But it has been done, and one of the major results is that, for a generation now, women in Turkey have been free. Even at a remote place like Kars, right up on the Soviet frontier, where I was two years ago, I found girls at a local school wearing western dress and learning dress-making from an English pattern-book.



Turkish university students in a botany class

The Turks are justifiably proud of what they have done, and you can understand why they sometimes feel a little hurt over the wrong ideas still held about their country—for instance, that the fez is still the national headgear. For them the fez stands for the past from which they have broken away and I have certainly never seen one even in the remotest parts of the country.

The Turks probably will not tell you that they are offended because they are naturally polite people, but as a young Turkish student said to me the other day in London when she heard a popular song about Constantinople introduced with some such phrase as: 'And now for a song from Turkey, the land of mystery and veiled women'—'I dare say I ought not to mind', she said, 'but you know, I did. After all, we got rid of all that before I was born'.

I do not mean to give the impression, of course, that all Turkish women are as up to date and sophisticated in outlook. Most Turkish women are still the wives or mothers or sisters of peasants, and have to live on the land, often in conditions of hardship. But even for them the new reforms have brought an end to repression and neglect. If it had not been for these social changes, as I say, political progress would have been impossible. And the same is true for the country's economic progress. For there, too, Turkey has been making great strides, and American aid since the war has given production an enormous added impetus.

Under the Ottoman Empire almost all trade was carried out by the non-Turkish minorities—mostly Greeks and Armenians—in conjunction with the many foreign firms which had concessions in Turkey amounting virtually to extra-territorial rights. At one point the Ottoman Government had even lost the right to issue currency. When Atatürk brought all this to an end, it meant that Turkish trade and industry had to start from scratch. Yet today Turkey has industries, which include iron and steel, paper, artificial silk, chemicals, and so on. By contrast with the days when it was thought degrading for a Turk to engage in industry, you can talk at Karabük on the Black Sea coast with young men fresh from training in the most up-to-date steel-plants in Britain and America.

But industry is still only a small section in the Turkish economy. It claims only eight per cent. of the population. Agriculture claims eighty per cent. And it is here that the biggest advance of all has been made in the past few years. The production of cereals has doubled since 1949. This means that Turkey which in 1950 imported grain now has a considerable surplus for export. The production of cotton has also doubled between 1947 and 1952.

There are two main reasons for this spectacular increase—the tractor and the road. The number of tractors in the country has increased from 3,000 in 1948 to about 37,000 today—the bulk of them, incidentally, of British manufacture. Imported bull-dozers and road-making machinery has enormously accelerated road-building. These two things together are bringing about a second revolution in the life of the peasant. You will still sometimes see a peasant following a primitive wooden plough drawn slowly by an ox, but on the other side of the road you will more often see a tractor.

This tremendous economic expansion I have been talking about has of course strengthened Turkey's international position. Today you will find her representatives playing their part in the U.N., Nato, and many other international organisations. What sort of line do they take? What is the new Turkey's foreign policy? The roots of it I think are three-fold. The first lies in the deliberate renunciation by Atatürk of any territorial ambition, any attempt to get back the lost

lands of the Ottoman Empire. The second lies in Turkey's geographical position as an immediate neighbour of Soviet Russia. And the third lies in a deep-seated hostility to the Russians arising out of a long and bitter experience of Russian expansion. (And I say 'Russians' deliberately and not 'Soviet Communists' because the Turks see in the Soviet Communists only another form of a familiar enemy.) This hostility to the Russians in fact colours the whole of Turkish foreign policy. It tends to make the Turks see the world more in terms of black and white than, for example, we do. It makes them give high priority to arguments based on military strategy. And it sometimes makes them impatient with the niceties of cold-war tactics. Defence receives first priority in the Turkish budget, and it did so even before the advent of American aid, when Turkey did not hesitate to stand up alone to Soviet bullying over control of the Straits.

But you will find no nervousness in Turkey. On the contrary, no matter where you go, you will find the same steady confidence, the same complete preparedness to fight if need be. The Turkish soldier has certainly shown in Korea that he has lost none of his individual courage and endurance, and today with American help and training he is quickly adding mastery of modern equipment.

When you add to this outlook and fighting capacity the new Turkey's almost passionate attachment to the western way of life, it is not surprising that we regard her as a valued friend.

The list of the new Turkey's achievements is long, and there is a lot I have not said. But the Turks are the first to admit that they still have much to do. First, the development of the new Turkey is still very uneven. On the one hand you have the westernised cities of Ankara, Istanbul, or Ismir. And on the other, you still have the peasant villages, many of which

are very backward. That, then, is the first problem—to close the gap between town and country. A second big problem is one of management. If Turkey is to compete successfully in world markets she will clearly have to offer her goods at world prices. That means that costs of production have to be cut to a minimum. And the third problem is one which I mention only because I know that it is being discussed by students and others in Turkey. It is the problem which confronts the generation which has grown up in the years when religion, although of course never banned, was at least out of favour. What moral foundation can they find for their life? If it lies in Islam, what form of Islam best fits their modern outlook?

But as I said earlier, no one is more aware of what remains to be done than the Turks themselves. They have resources both in character and in material to get over their difficulties, and can choose what else they need from the accumulated experience of the west. Given a continued period of peace, the new Turkey should be able to look forward to increasing influence and prosperity.—*Home Service*



Modern machinery in use on a Turkish farm

Mr. Edward Hutton is one of the last of the line who can say with Browning, 'Every Englishman has two countries, his own and Italy'. Mr. Hutton has devoted a long life to the celebration of Italy in his charming and knowledgeable books. He is a less finicky Augustus Hare, a more readable J. A. Symonds. His *Assisi and Umbria Revisited* (Hollis and Carter, 21s.) is an entirely new work, born of his Umbrian wanderings since the war, and it ranks among his best. It has none of the *fin de siècle* rhapsody that marred his *Florence*, reissued last year, and is full of sensible information. It should become a standard book on this beautiful and too little known region of Italy.

'Russia's Christmas Present to the West'

By WILLIAM PICKLES

DURING this last week, we have had two Notes from Moscow. The second one—Russia's Christmas present to the west—suggests a date three weeks later than the Western Powers had asked for, for the meeting of Foreign Ministers in Berlin. But the first of these Notes seemed to me to be the more interesting.

This is the Note in which the Russians agree to discuss President Eisenhower's proposal for a pool of atomic material. That makes the second time in a matter of weeks that Mr. Molotov has said 'Yes' to a western proposal, and I do not need to tell you how much of a change that is. Clearly, President Eisenhower has rung a bell. The first American proposal about atomic energy, the Baruch Plan, which was put forward by Mr. Truman in 1946, was too ambitious. The Baruch Plan proposed the international public ownership of all forms of atomic energy. That was socialism to the *n*th degree, and we must all have been rather simple-minded to think that a reactionary dictatorship like Russia could ever have accepted it. The new proposal suggests only that everybody shall hand over *some* of their atomic material. It is much more modest and the Russians are prepared to talk about it. Let us be grateful for that.

A Favourite Russian Idea

But the Russian Note also comes back half-a-dozen times to another favourite Russian idea which I have always found very puzzling—the idea of a ban on the use of atomic bombs, combined with a solemn pledge not to use them. There is a change there, too. The last time the subject was discussed, America was the only country that had any atomic bombs, and the Russians wanted the destruction of all of them, plus a ban on the making of any more. Now they have atomic bombs themselves, which may explain why they no longer ask for a promise not to make them, but only not to use them.

What worries me, however, is why they are interested in a ban at all. The argument they offer is childishly silly. In the first world war, they say, everybody used poison gas. Then, in 1925, forty-nine countries signed the Geneva protocol, as it was called, banning poison gas and promising not to use it. And in the second world war, nobody did use poison gas: therefore, says the Russian Note, we know that the idea of banning dangerous weapons will work. That is an old trick of argument. It says that if one event follows another, the first must have caused the second. If I go out without an umbrella and it rains, then it has rained because I left my umbrella behind. It is surely obvious that the Russians are not so simple-minded as to reason in that way.

Do you remember the time during the last war when the Russians thought the Germans were going to use poison-gas bombs? They asked Mr. Churchill, as he then was, to broadcast a warning to Hitler. But they did not ask him to remind Hitler of the ban on poison gas and the German promise not to use it. They asked him to tell Hitler that we had gas-bombs too, and more bombers to deliver them. Mr. Churchill duly broadcast the warning, and it worked. I do not believe the Russians have forgotten that. I do not believe they have forgotten that, in 1928, we all agreed to ban something worse than poison gas: we banned war itself, in the now-forgotten Kellogg Pact, in which nearly every country in the world promised never to use war 'as an instrument of national policy'. But it did not prevent another war, as Russia learned to her cost.

Why, then, all this new talk about a ban on atom bombs? I do not think it is just propaganda. Propaganda has to be snappy and pointed, but the Russian Note is about as peppy as a telephone directory. It wanders all over the place for over 3,000 words and is unusually polite, with none of the punch that propaganda needs. It would be flattering to think the Russians have decided that if western countries ban the bomb they will keep their word, but there is nothing else in Russian propaganda today to suggest that they have suddenly become trustful. It is more likely that they have been taken off their guard, that President Eisenhower seems to them to have cut the ground from under the feet of all their phoney and wearisome peace campaigns and peace conferences, and this old stuff about the ban is the best answer they can think of for the moment.

If that is so, it surely shows that the President's proposal was well timed and that the proper line for the west is to keep on making modest proposals which the Russians find difficult to turn down: to keep them, so to speak, on the run towards peace. Meanwhile, we are going to have two conferences in which diplomats and atomic experts will at last have a chance to probe the Russian mind and see for themselves just how big a gap there is between the Russian and the western views. So I propose to stop guessing about it. Besides I want to end here on another subject. I want to say a kind word for French politicians. I admit that of recent years I have often felt, like everybody else, that all French politicians ought to have their heads knocked together from time to time. But last week, I began to feel differently. The French press itself was very severe on those who met at Versailles to elect the President of the Republic, because it took them thirteen ballots to find the right man, though no previous election had required more than two ballots. The English newspapers also have talked about the 'farce' of Versailles, and in general have taken a very superior tone.

This seems to me to be both unfair and ununderstanding. I do not mean that there is nothing to be said against French politicians. It is true, for instance, that they suffer too much, like most other politicians, from political hangovers, and that in France the hangovers hang over a good deal longer. There were at least two of these hangovers—two out-of-date fears—at work at Versailles. The fear of popular statesmen turning themselves into dictators, and the fear that the Catholic Church might try to dominate political life both influenced the Deputies and Senators far too much. But even if these things had not played any part, there were still good reasons why it should be more difficult to find a new President in 1953 than it has been before: for example, the President's job has become much more important than it was intended to be, and there was no obvious man willing to take it.

The President of the French Republic needs to be a skilled politician with a long experience of politics, but if his experience has brought him too much into the forefront of party quarrels, people do not trust him to be unbiased. That points to somebody who has already proved, in one of the big above-party jobs, that he can be impartial. The last six Presidents had all been Speakers—the French call them Presidents—of one or other of the French Houses of Parliament. But this time, M. Herriot, the President of the National Assembly, is old and ill and did not want to be President of the Republic; M. Monnerville, the President of the Senate, had his own reasons for not wanting the job either; and M. Auriol, the retiring President, did not want another seven years of it. So there was nothing for it but a sort of preliminary canter of party leaders, and the votes on the first ballot were shared between the six main parties. Even then, five or six ballots would have settled it, if the present Prime Minister, M. Laniel, had not allowed himself to be persuaded that because he was leading the field, those who had voted for him in July as Prime Minister ought to vote for him now as President. That annoyed all those Deputies and Senators who insist that there is no post—least of all a political post—that gives its holder the right to a walk-over into the Presidency.

'Just What France Was Looking For'

I am certain they were right, but it took another half-dozen ballots to convince M. Laniel and his friends that they were. But do please notice that when M. Laniel did give way, the whole thing was settled within a day, and everybody—except perhaps the communists—is now perfectly happy about the election of M. Coty. M. Coty has been in national politics for thirty years and has become well known and liked, without ever getting into a post big enough to make him any enemies, or to mark him as a strong party man. That is just what France was looking for, and it shows how wise it was for the Deputies and Senators to dig their toes in and hang on until the right man appeared. And, of course, it is important for all the rest of us, too, that the French should have got over their presidential election, and should then get over the choice of a new Prime Minister that will follow, in time for them to be properly represented when the Berlin conference opens.—*Home Service*

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Ring Out the Old

EVEN a leader-writer may for once regard the passing of the Old Year without jaundice. In the realm of international affairs two outstanding events have occurred: the death of Stalin on March 5 and the conclusion of the Korean truce on June 8. The experts are not in complete agreement about what Russian policy after the death of Stalin portends, but some at least have detected a lifting of a corner of the Iron Curtain; in a broadcast talk published elsewhere in this number Mr. William Pickles has noted a change of attitude in the conduct of Soviet foreign policy. Thus in the west of Europe we watch with eagerness the behaviour of the sphinxes of the Kremlin. The armistice in Korea has meant the end of the fighting there, at any rate for the time being, and the return home of British prisoners of war. We should be profoundly thankful for this mercy. And though no political conference has yet been arranged, everyone hopes that war will not be resumed in that quarter of the world. Meanwhile warfare continues, first in Indo-China, secondly in Malaya, and thirdly in Kenya. But at least these campaigns are more or less isolated. In Africa it has been a year of disturbances. In Europe the problems of Trieste and of the future relations of France and Germany have been accentuated. Nevertheless, if one looks at the history of the past year in terms of the crises and wars habitually experienced in the past forty years one may reasonably detect an improvement rather than a deterioration in the outlook.

At home, whatever attitude political parties may take on the subject of prices and taxes, the fact remains that goods of all kinds—and food in particular—are more plentiful in the shops than they have ever been since the war. The war has now been over for more than eight years and we seem here in Great Britain to be wearing many of the garments of peace. The world no doubt will never be the same again; but then it never was. The Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II last June (though loyal subjects were saddened by the death of Queen Mary) provoked in all hearts lively feelings of hope and good cheer. Maybe those feelings have no rational basis. But after eight years of perplexed peace the evidence of a lightening of the skies is hard to disregard. And for those (and judging by the records of the by-elections there are too many) who are not interested in politics the unusual triumphs of this country in the fields of exploration and sport have been a topic for rejoicing—notably the climbing of Mount Everest and the winning of the Test Matches against Australia. Even the mild weather and increases of output and of exports towards the end of the year—and a pat on the back from O.E.E.C.—have contributed to a general attitude of cheerfulness which not even Jeremiahs who think of life in terms of hydrogen bombs can efface.

Even in our own little sphere we have not been without occasions for satisfaction. The External Services of the B.B.C. have just celebrated their twenty-first birthday and no one has questioned the value of the work that has been done in this field. Both the sound services and television have been widely congratulated on their programmes at the time of the Coronation. THE LISTENER is about to celebrate its twenty-fifth birthday. The Corporation has been under attack from time to time and place to place, but what great institution can be right all the time? Each year brings its own special difficulties both for organisations and for individuals. We cannot do more than go forward with a cheerful heart and wish our friends and—yes, why not?—our enemies, a happy new year.

What They Are Saying

Broadcast comments on the execution of Beria

THOUGH COMMENT HAS BEEN sparse, one or two reactions to the execution of Beria are available. In Rome, *Il Messagero* said:

The problem for the west is whether it will be possible to negotiate and perhaps reach an agreement with a state where such judicial methods are in use. Beria was condemned for conspiring with foreign capital. This is a bad beginning to the task of reaching a *modus vivendi* which presupposes at least a minimum of mutual confidence and understanding.

In Paris, the *Franc Tireur* wrote that the summary execution of Beria was proof incontestable that Stalinism had survived Stalin. The *Melbourne Herald* suggested that to the outside world, and probably to most Russians, the death of Beria would constitute evidence of a sense of insecurity at the heart of the Soviet system.

Moscow radio, quoting *Pravda*, said of the indictment:

The great Soviet people has hurled the bunch of contemptible traitors, agents of international capitalism, from its path like poisonous reptiles. The mighty stride of the people will sweep this anti-Soviet filth, these wretched pygmies who have dared to raise their hand against our party and our beloved motherland, from the face of the earth.

The same radio added:

The party and Government took decisive steps to ensure the strict observance of Soviet socialist law, the establishment of permanent systematic control of party organisations over the activity of every link in the Soviet apparatus, including organs of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. Thus an end has been put once and for all to the state of affairs in which all sorts of careerists and adventurers, hostile opportunists, could penetrate into organs of the Ministry of Internal Affairs and use its apparatus for their criminal ends against party and Government cadres loyal to the cause of communism.

Budapest radio summed up Hungarian official opinion in these words:

The Soviet people are denouncing the criminals with deep contempt and at the same time are answering them by their deeds. They are strengthening the ties uniting the Soviet peoples, they are exerting even greater efforts to implement the new party and Government measures, and are marching with even greater enthusiasm along the road leading to communism and the era of plenty and happiness.

Another topic of comment has been the Soviet response to the recent proposal of President Eisenhower for private talks on atomic energy. A speaker on the Soviet-sponsored hour of Vienna radio said:

This Soviet Note is an event of far reaching importance, likely to quicken the hopes of mankind that peace will be preserved and man spared the horrors of an all-destroying atomic war. The Note is a new proof of the Soviet Union's unshakable will for peace. Its main importance lies in the fact that, linking up with Eisenhower's speech, it shows how the powers can reach agreement on atomic energy.

Belgrade radio observed:

The latest step by the U.S.S.R. will not lead to an immediate solution of the atomic problem. But this step, like Eisenhower's offer, shows that responsible people in today's world must give increasing attention to public opinion and to the wish of the people to preserve peace.

An east German communist opinion was put forward by *Neues Deutschland* which declared:

Eisenhower's real intention was evidently to make up for the United States' loss of prestige at Bermuda and to make verbal concessions while actually evading agreement with the U.S.S.R. The people realise more and more clearly that the hypocritical words uttered by U.S. politicians protesting their anxiety for peace and agreement are meant to deceive them. But Eisenhower will not succeed in lulling to sleep the people's vigilance.

Like *Neues Deutschland*, Warsaw radio eulogised the Soviet Note at the expense of the President's proposal. The *New York Herald Tribune* made this comment:

The United States has based its future defence planning on nuclear weapons. A situation is entirely conceivable, therefore, in which the international control of nuclear weapons alone, even foolproof control, would leave the Soviet Union with a great advantage because of its vast military manpower, its extensive submarine fleet and the like. Our own guess is that the Kremlin was unwilling to flout world opinion by turning down the President's proposal flatly, and that the reply is in the nature of a stalling manoeuvre. In any event, the effort at agreement through private diplomatic talks is certainly worth making.

Her Majesty's Message to the Commonwealth

The Christmas Day broadcast from New Zealand

LAST Christmas I spoke to you from England. This year I am doing so from New Zealand. Auckland, which I reached only two days ago, is, I suppose, as far as any city in the world from London, and I have travelled some thousands of miles through many changing scenes and climates on my voyage here. Despite all that, however, I find myself today completely and most happily at home. Of course, we all want our children at Christmas time, for that is the season above all others when each family gathers at its own hearth. I hope that perhaps mine are listening to me now and I am sure that when the time comes they, too, will be great travellers.

My husband and I left London a month ago, but we have already paid short visits to Bermuda, Jamaica, Fiji, and Tonga, and have passed through Panama. I should like to thank all our hosts very warmly for the kindness of their welcome and the great pleasure of our stay. In a short time we shall be visiting Australia and later Ceylon, and before we end this great journey we shall catch a glimpse of other places in Asia, Africa, and in the Mediterranean.

So this will be a voyage right round the world—the first that a Queen of England has been privileged to make as Queen. But what is really important to me is that I set out on this journey in order to see as much as possible of the people and countries of the Commonwealth and Empire, to learn at first hand something of their triumphs and difficulties and something of their hopes and fears. At the same time I want to show that the Crown is not merely an abstract symbol of our unity but a personal and living bond between you and me.

Some people have expressed the hope that my reign may mark a new Elizabethan age. Frankly, I do not myself feel at all like my great Tudor forbear, who was blessed with neither husband nor children, who ruled as a despot, and was never able to leave her native shores. But there is at least one very significant resemblance between her age and mine. For her kingdom, small though it may have been, and poor by comparison with her European neighbours, was yet great in spirit and well endowed with men who were ready to encompass the earth.

Now this great Commonwealth, of which I am so proud to be the head, and of which that ancient kingdom forms a part, though rich in material resources, is richer still in the enterprise and courage of its peoples. Little did those adventurous heroes of Tudor and Stuart

times realise what would grow from the settlements which they and later pioneers founded. From the empire of which they built the frame, there has arisen a world-wide fellowship of nations of a type never seen before. In that fellowship the United Kingdom is an equal partner with many other proud and independent nations, and she is leading yet other, still backward territories forward to the same goal. All these nations have helped to create our Commonwealth and all are equally concerned to maintain, develop, and defend it against any challenge that may come.

As I travel across the world today, I am ever more deeply impressed with the achievement and the opportunity which the modern Commonwealth presents. Like New Zealand, from whose North Island I am speaking, every one of its nations can be justly proud of what it has built for itself on its own soil. But their greatest achievement, I suggest, is the Commonwealth itself; and that owes much to all of them. Thus formed, the Commonwealth bears no resemblance to the empires of the past. It is an entirely new conception, built on the highest qualities of the spirit of man—friendship, loyalty, and the desire for freedom and peace.

To that new conception of an equal partnership of nations and races, I shall give myself heart and soul every day of my life. I wish to speak of it from New Zealand this Christmas Day because we are celebrating the birth of the Prince of Peace, who preached the brotherhood of man. May that brotherhood be furthered by all our thoughts and deeds from year to year. In pursuit of that supreme ideal, the Commonwealth is moving steadily towards greater harmony between its many creeds, colours and races, despite the imperfections by which, like every human institution, it is beset. Already, indeed, in the last half century it has proved itself the most effective and progressive association of peoples which history has yet seen, and its ideal of brotherhood embraces the whole world. To all my peoples throughout the Commonwealth, I commend that Christmas hope and prayer.

And now I want to say something to my people in New Zealand. Last night a most grievous railway accident took place at Tangiwai which will have brought tragedy into many homes and sorrow into all on this Christmas Day. I know that there is no one in New Zealand and indeed throughout the Commonwealth who will not join with my husband and me in sending to those who mourn a message of sympathy in their loss. I pray that they and all who have been injured may be comforted and strengthened.

What We Owe to Christmas

By the Right Rev. Monsignor RONALD KNOX

WHAT would the world be like, if Christmas had not happened? The sort of way we live, the sort of way we treat one another, the sort of behaviour we expect of one another: how would all that be different, in this year 1953, if we had no year One to date it from—if the world were still waiting to be redeemed? If the picture of a dark stable on a snowy night, a working man and his wife, and a Baby lying in the straw among the beasts, meant nothing to us?

We always think, nowadays, in terms of politics; so let us ask, first of all, what difference Christmas has made to our social institutions. A great change has taken place, these 2,000 years past, in our notions

of justice, freedom, and human kindness which we vaguely describe as 'progress'; how much of all that really springs from, really took its impetus from, the teaching of Christ? St. Paul, in that casual, incidental manner of his, gives you a blue-print of what the Christian idea ought to do in the way of altering our human values. He writes to the Galatians: 'All you who have been baptised in Christ's name have put on the person of Christ; no more Jew or Gentile, no more slave and freeman, no more male and female, you are all one person in Jesus Christ'. In so far as the Gospel succeeded in imposing itself on the pagan world which surrounded it, the barrier which divided race from race, nation from nation, was due to disappear. And at the same

time the dignity of human nature would be asserted; all men would stand on the same footing, instead of being divided up into two classes, a class of rulers and a class of slaves. And woman (St. Paul tells us elsewhere), although she was the last to be created and the first to fall into sin, is to find her salvation in the great Child-bearing; after the events of Christmas Day, she can never be thought of as a mere chattel for man's use; she is a free being, apt for partnership with man.

Ending Slavery

I suppose if a pagan of St. Paul's time could come back to earth, almost the first thing that would strike him about our modern civilisation would be the disappearance of slavery. Whatever inequalities there still are in human society, however much human liberty is still abridged in some countries, it is no longer possible for one man to belong to another, to be beaten or maimed or killed at his pleasure. St. Paul, to be sure, did not preach a revolt of slaves against their masters; he told them to obey. The pagan world in which they lived was, to the first Christians, a hostile environment from which they must do their best to escape, not a society which they had to permeate and reform. Our Lord's promise that he would return in judgment seemed to them, probably, as if it were due to be fulfilled almost at once; it was not for them to put things right in a world order which was so soon to be dissolved. It was only by slow degrees, and with notable setbacks, that St. Paul's vision of 'no more slave and freeman' came on to the statute-book. Even in the eighteenth-century, when emancipation was already in the air, so great a Christian as George Whitefield could own slaves, and could defend the system. But as and when the reform came about, it was the Christian tradition that moved men's consciences. At the back of their minds was the picture of a cold stable in the darkness of midnight, and God taking upon Himself the nature of a slave for our sakes.

When the shepherds go back to their flocks, we have not finished with the story of Christmas. Their place at the Crib is taken by the three wise men from the east; and Christian piety has always emphasised one significant point about their coming. The birth of a Saviour was not for the Jewish people only, it was for the whole world: all mankind became brothers when God became Man. Always, in defiance of the probabilities, one of the three kings is represented as a native African: there should be no doubt that the Church was world-wide. The brotherhood of man—could the Christian religion ever have achieved it? Will it ever be achieved? At least let it be said that Christendom has never abandoned that ideal, has fought for it, time and again, in face of man's obstinate tendency towards nationalism. The fact of international brotherhood seems as far off from us as ever; but God forgive us, if among Christian people the will is not there.

And now for St. Paul's third point, the position of women. Was he right in thinking that the great Child-bearing would make a difference here? Let me be allowed to cite a witness who will not be accused of any tenderness for Christian sentiment. Lecky, in his *History of Rationalism*, writes as follows: 'The world is governed by its ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more salutary influence than the medieval conception of the Blessed Virgin. For the first time woman was elevated to her rightful position, and the sanctity of weakness was recognised as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave or toy of man, no longer associated only with ideas of degradation and sensuality, woman rose, in the person of the Virgin Mother, into a new sphere, and became the object of a reverential homage of which antiquity had no conception'. No Christian, I think, would have anything to add to such testimony as that.

We have been speaking of what Christmas has meant to humanity in the gross, the mark which it has left on the society in which we live. That is not everything. We want to know what mark it has left on individual human lives: man for man, how do we compare with people who lived 2,000 years ago, and had no Christmas to lend them inspiration? We are not going to discuss the Christian faith or the Christian hope as such. But are there any personal qualities which the old pagans did not know about or did not care about much, which we value today? Qualities we are not, perhaps, conscious of possessing; but we would like to possess them, and we admire them as seen in others, because they remind us of Christmas Day?

I think you can say that there are three qualities, I will not say which have been made known to us, but which show up in a new light, as the result of the Christian revelation. They are: humility, charity, and purity. They are all words derived from the Latin; but if a Roman of Julius Caesar's time could come back to earth, I do not think we

could mention them to him without finding ourselves at cross purposes.

Humility—if you look up that word in the Latin dictionary, you will get a surprise. You will find it means 'lowness, meanness, insignificance, littleness of mind, baseness, abjectness', and it has no other sense until you come on to the Christian authors. And yet how instinctively we recognise the worth of it today, even those of us who would not call ourselves in any sense Christians! To be sure, there are all sorts of inferior substitutes for it which owe little or nothing to the influence of Bethlehem; there is the mock modesty which prompts us to under-rate our own achievement simply as a matter of good manners; we do not want to make a bad impression of boastfulness on the people we meet. There is the calculating, affected humility of Uriah Heep; you demean yourself before important people because you know which side your bread is buttered.

But real humility, how it shines when it catches the light! The man who can take an affront and feel it is no more than he deserves; who takes it for granted that his successful rival was the better candidate; who can work to other men's plans when they run contrary to his own advice, the advice which was not asked for, or went unregarded—how we admire such a man, even when we think that he carries his good qualities to a fault! And the historical reason for our admiration—is because we have been told about a God, Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, and took upon Himself the nature of a slave for our sakes.

And charity—if you look that up in the Latin dictionary, you find that it means affection for your family or your close friends. How should it mean anything more, to people who had not read the parable of the Good Samaritan? Once again, not everything that is done in the name of charity is real charity. There is the ostentatiousness which likes to see its name on a subscription-list; there is the love of interference which is ever eager to manage other people's lives for them. But, when you have made all allowances for that, charity towards complete strangers has become a habit with us. It has filled the world with hospitals and orphanages and almshouses, all because of Bethlehem; there was no name for such things before Jesus Christ came. Because Jesus Christ came to redeem us when we strangers who had no claim on Him, brought redemption to everybody far and near, we too, even you and I, are ashamed to button up our pockets.

And, then, purity. The Romans, of course, use the word often enough, but I do not think they meant any more by it than cleanness of body; no one seems to have bothered much about purity of mind. And yet our Lord tells us that all sins, even the sins of sense, take their origin in the mind. How hard it is, nowadays, to persuade people that there is such a thing as purity! They get it mixed up with mere ignorance about sex; or with prudery, that loves the sensation of being shocked; or with the morbid horror of sex which is found, sometimes, in ill-adjusted natures. But there is such a thing as real purity, which sees the facts of life as they are, and has too much sense of the rich, living thing marriage is, of the bright, delicate thing virginity is, to sully either with brooding thoughts, or with sniggering jocularities. That, too, we owe to Bethlehem; to the memory of that virgin motherhood which saved us all.

Altered Standards of Behaviour

All that we owe to Christmas. Whatever difference it may have made in our behaviour, as compared with that of our pagan forefathers, it has altered the standards of behaviour which we reverence and desire. I have not attempted to prove that this change is a change for the better; nor yet that it is something we can never go back on. In the past few years, a new word has been added to the English vocabulary: the word 'post-Christian'. Those who make use of it mean to imply that there is, after all, nothing final about the Christian culture which has served us these last nineteen centuries—it may be only a phase, a passing phase, in the development of human thought. Well, they have a right to their opinion. Only, let us not flatter ourselves with the expectation that the world is going to find a new religion to replace it. In proportion as the world grows weary of its Christian hope, the alternative is materialism, of a type with which we are already familiar—that and nothing else. Its experience of Christianity has been like a great love, the love of a life-time, never to be repeated; we are immunised against the supernatural. No new voice which speaks to us in the name of religion will have any appeal for us, if it does not bring us back to the stable at Bethlehem—there to humble our pride, and enlarge our charity, and deepen our sense of reverence with the sight of a dazzling purity.—*From a talk in the Home Service*

Did You Hear That?

CLUMBER CHURCH

A FINE EXAMPLE of church building in the Victorian Gothic style is Clumber in Nottinghamshire, the church built by the seventh Duke of Newcastle to celebrate his coming-of-age. ROY CHRISTIAN described it in 'Past and Present' (Midland Home Service).

'My first impression of Clumber church', he said, 'was that its builders had committed some fantastic mistake in putting it in the middle of a vast isolated park: it was so obviously intended for the market square of a large town. How else could you account for the building of a miniature cathedral in this deserted part of the Dukeries, with its parsonage as the only house in sight?'

'The explanation is simple enough, and there was no mistake. For Clumber church was built a little more than sixty years ago as a private chapel for the seventh Duke of Newcastle, alongside the great mansion which Barry had rebuilt some ten years before. But the mansion has gone now, and only the church remains as a monument to an England that has vanished, a monument to the days when a wealthy Duke could afford to celebrate his coming-of-age by spending nearly £60,000 on building a private chapel.

'The church is as well kept now as it must have been when it was dedicated in 1889. This is a tribute not only to the National Trust, who now own the whole park, but also to the people who live in the sixty or so houses on the 4,000 acres of the estate. Nor is it preserved as a museum piece, for services are held there every Sunday afternoon from Easter to the end of September. Even if you do not as a rule care for nineteenth-century Gothic architecture, you find it hard not to admire Clumber—"Eclecticism at its most refined", Dr. Pevsner called it. The thing that surprised me, as I went in through the west door, was the narrowness of the nave. There are no aisles—just a wall passage on either side over blind arcades. This lack of width is accentuated by the height of the vaulted roof, the absence of lower windows, and by the unusual size of the transepts, which extend from below the central tower.

'But it is the high altar which claims your attention, as it does in all the nineteenth-century churches that were built under the influence of the ecclesiologists, in revolt against the auditory churches of the eighteenth century—the "conventicles", as they contemptuously called them. Not only is the altar raised above the marble floor of the chancel, but it is also bathed in light because the two flanking windows of plain glass have been deliberately carried lower than the others. The exceptionally long chancel—only slightly shorter than the nave—and the heavy, oak rood screen are typical, too, of an age which laid great stress on the importance of the chancel and its separation from the congregation in the nave.

'The architect of Clumber, George Frederick Bodley, was noted as much for his ornamentation as for his architecture. Here, as in that other remarkable Midland church at Hoar Cross, you find the richest examples of that side of his work. You notice the fine carvings on the white alabaster high altar and on the retables of the Lady Chapel altar or on the ceiling over the font. The large stone figures are his too—there are several in the church—and so is the stone pulpit, which was a gift from the people of Worksoy.

'But to me the most memorable things in the church were the exquisite wood carvings, which are not the work of Bodley but of the Rev. Ernest Geldhart. You see them at their best on the limewood

screen behind the choir stalls, beautifully carved statues of the four Evangelists, the four Doctors of the Western Church, four Saints of Northern England and the four chief Archangels. All were carved by this magnificent craftsman, who also designed the rood screen, and the massive rood above it in walnut and cedar, and, rather less happily, I thought, the over-elaborate font cover with its vague suggestion of the Albert Memorial'.

FATHER AND MOTHER OF PANTOMIMES

'Round about Christmas', said HUGH SYKES DAVIES in a Home Service talk, 'is certainly the right time for listening to "A Midsummer Night's Dream". To the ancient inhabitants of Britain', he explained, 'to dream of midsummer was their religion, this annual death and rebirth of the sun, and around it they wove strange stories of battles between the gods, and of journeys to the underworld of darkness.

'So passionately were our remote ancestors devoted to such midwinter dreams that, though we are unconscious of the connection now, a great deal of traditional fun and games of our modern Christmas has come down to us from that old pagan religion. Our pantomimes, for example: these fairy stories are nearly all of them the myths of that old religion, and the fairies themselves are its gods and goddesses—all diminished and transformed, no longer awe-inspiring and cruel, but friendly, fanciful, pretty.

'Shakespeare's play is a kind of pantomime itself: and often it has been turned into something even more obviously pantomimic, by adaptations and musical additions. There was Purcell's opera, "The Fairy Queen"—Garrick had another musical version made—and there was yet another at the beginning of the nineteenth century, with music by Henry Bishop—that splendid soprano show-piece "Lo! here the gentle lark!" comes

from it. But "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is more than the libretto of one of our oldest pantomimes. In a sense, it is the father and mother of all other pantomimes, because it was largely through this play, and its adaptations, that the world of fairies has been turned into something friendly and fanciful.

'It would not be true to say that Shakespeare invented fairyland for us; but it would be true to say that he did establish for us its tone, its colouring. Take Puck—Robin Goodfellow. About ten years before Shakespeare wrote his play, there was a book by a man called Reginald Scott, *The Discovery of Witchcraft*. It was a very serious and violent piece of witch-hunting literature, and in it Puck and Robin Goodfellow are put on very much the same footing as witches and warlocks. Here is a list he gives of the things nursemaids used to frighten children with in his day:

Bull beggers, spirits, witches, urchens, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, syrens, kit with the cansticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, giants, imps, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changlings, Incubus, Robin goodfellow, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the Oke, the hell waine, the fier-drake, the puckle, Tom thombe, hobgoblin, Tom tumbler, boncles, and such other bogeys.

'In other parts of *The Discovery of Witchcraft*, however, we find that Robin Goodfellow and the fairies have their lighter side. And we know from many other sources that the country people regarded Puck and the fairies with quite cheerful mock terror—they would do nothing worse than pinch you in the night or steal the cream. There were, in fact, two opposite ways of feeling about the fairy world: one was serious,



Clumber church, built by the seventh Duke of Newcastle

frightening, with much of the old pagan awe still alive in it; the other was altogether gentler, prettier. And Shakespeare had to choose between them. He chose the happier way of feeling about them, and gave it the stamp of his supreme imagination, the persuasiveness of his unparalleled power with words'.

DIFFICULTIES OF MIMERS

Speaking of his experiences in a mime theatre company CLIFFORD WILLIAMS said in a West of England Home Service talk: 'My favourite tit-bit was found in the Coliseum in Aberdare. The boilerman had pinned up a list of visiting companies. There we were—pencilled on a grimy scrap of paper—"The Maimed Theatre Company".'

'This mistaking of our name was only to be expected when it is remembered that mime was—and still is—the Cinderella of the theatre arts. Even actors seeking to join us often had only a vague idea of what might be asked of them. Actually our medium is quite simple and straightforward. We tell our stories in movement and not in speech—actions and gestures replace words. Or, as a boy in a Wiltshire school said to his form-master after watching us—"Mime, sir? Mime is where the actors do things and we have to guess what they're doing".'

'At one time, we were so worried by this problem that we decided to change our name. The organiser of a Taunton arts society had asked us to give some Easter-time performances but our normal billing worried her. "I don't think it will mean anything to people. Or if it does they may not come. Such a funny thing—mime, you know". We were abashed. "What do you suggest?" "Well, can't you call yourselves something different?" We wanted the engagement badly so we cast round for an alternative. We decided to style ourselves "The Harlequin Players". This seemed a good disguise of our true aims and intentions and the inclusion of Harlequin's name persuaded us that we were not letting down the cause too badly. After all, we knew that Harlequin had good connections with the family of mimes. We also retitled some of the plays—a pantomime called "Pierrot and the Angels" became "Adventure in Heaven". The deception worked well. A large audience turned up, doubtless looking forward to an evening of colourful speech, and did not seem at all disappointed with our silent offering. Even the reporter in the country Gazette raised his eyebrows only a trifle. "This company appears to specialise in mime", he wrote.

'Later we were shamefaced and reverted to our original title. We have kept it ever since, except when the B.B.C. Television Service insisted on calling us "The Little Mime Group". We remonstrated to no avail. They firmly believed, I imagine, that we had elder brothers tucked away somewhere'.

ARMOUR-PLATED CAPTIVE

One of the rarest animals in captivity recently arrived at the London Zoo; it is the pangolin, or scaly ant-eater. Among those who have made its acquaintance in its native Africa is GEORGE CANSDALE, who described it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The pangolin can well claim to be one of the oddest animals alive today. A more descriptive name is "scaly ant-eater". You see, except for the face and under parts, it is completely covered with **horny, overlapping scales**, and when it goes on the

defensive, it rolls into a tight Catherine wheel, and the long, muscular tail serves as a containing ring. This pangolin feeds on nothing but ants and termites. It breaks open the nests with specially shaped claws on the fore-feet and licks up all the inmates with its long, sticky tongue that can explore the narrow passages deep down in the nest. A pangolin three feet long sticks out nearly a foot of tongue.

'Feeding a pangolin is a real problem. Most ant-eaters object to any kind of confinement and just will not co-operate. But when one does settle down, like the one now in the Zoo, it gets a soft mixture based on minced meat, chopped hard-boiled egg, and milk. Ants contain a good deal of roughage, so it is well to give the pangolin plenty of bran to thicken up its gruel.

'This newly arrived pangolin comes from Nyasaland, where it lives on the ground. Four or five other kinds are found in other parts of

the Old World tropics, and we tried everything we knew to get some tree-climbing pangolins to settle down, but most of them were complete non-starters even though we offered them the very same ants that they fed on in the wild. If they really insisted on hunger-striking we just let them go. Those pangolins that live on and under the ground are not quite so difficult. Once in a while one of them agrees to have a go at living in a zoo, and we hope this one will be successful'.



Puck, in a Young Vic production of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'
John Vickers



The pangolin, or scaly ant-eater, which has arrived at the London Zoo from Nyasaland

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

Visitors to New York who take the ferry-boat from Manhattan in order to see the Statue of Liberty or perhaps to obtain a look-out over the Manhattan skyline from the statue's head, sometimes stop to patronise a shop at the foot of the statue run by a Mrs. Hill. Mrs. Hill has now become famous because she is trying to prove that the Statue of Liberty is not in New York State but in the State of New Jersey. 'Indeed she has taken the issue to court', explains GEOFFREY GODSELL, B.B.C. correspondent, in a talk in the Home Service, 'and the final decision now rests with a Justice of the New York Supreme Court. It all started when the City of New York claimed nearly \$2,000 as a local purchase tax on what Mrs. Hill had sold at her shop. Mrs. Hill paid up, but immediately sued for the return of the

money on the ground that the Statue of Liberty stood, not in the State of New York but in the State of New Jersey. Her argument is that the boundary between the two states is a line running down the middle of the Hudson River, and that the Statue of Liberty is on the New Jersey side of the line. Mrs. Hill's lawyer says that if her case is wrong, New York has the weirdest boundary he has ever heard of, for it would include an island, surrounded by waters that belong to New Jersey.

'But the City of New York relies on history for its case. In 1664, it says, Charles II gave his brother—the Duke of York—the land in North America that subsequently became New York and New Jersey. Later, the Duke of York gave Lord Berkeley and Lord Carteret the part that became New Jersey, but kept for himself the little island that is now the home of the Statue of Liberty. Since then the island has, at one time or another, been a farm, a pest house, the site of a gallows, a military prison, a dump, a hospital, a fort, and a quarantine station: Last century a dispute between New York and New Jersey over boundaries was settled by an agreement leaving jurisdiction over the island with New York. But Mrs. Hill's lawyer is not daunted by that. He claims jurisdiction does not include the right—as Americans say—to "slap on" taxes'.

A Great Interpreter of Ancient Greece

MICHAEL GRANT on Dr. Gilbert Murray

GILBERT MURRAY first learnt his Greek in Australia from a man who had been sent down from Magdalen, Oxford. Nevertheless his attitude to the classical world is in direct descent from the men of the Italian Renaissance. Like them, he believes that man is worth studying and believing in, and also that the writers and thinkers who tell us best about man and his possibilities are the ancient classics, and most of all, the ancient Greeks. And like his contemporary, Benedetto Croce, he feels that in order to know the Greek past we have to relive it, to experience its history and art ourselves in our minds and hearts, to apprehend our direct continuity with it—with a feeling both 'violent and tender' (here I am quoting Rex Warner's new book on Greece, but I think Murray feels the same), 'full of reverence, excitement, and joy—and full of expectation which is never disappointed'.

Yet for all this Gilbert Murray himself suggests that his mental picture contains an element of illusion, 'the sort of illusion', he calls it, 'that is inseparable from love and sometimes reveals a truth that only love can see'. He is, of course, far too fine a scholar to allow this illusion to amount to distortion. Gone for ever is the more fanciful sort of idea of the ancient Greeks, for example representing them as pallid anaemics with pre-Raphaelite goitre, who, in the words of their great rediscoverer, Winckelmann, 'regarded even a quick walk as opposed to their sense of decorum', or who alternatively danced thrillingly through the glades, crowning themselves and each other irresponsibly with sensuous sylvan garlands. We have come far indeed from such one-sided and burlesque imaginings, and Murray has helped to bring us away from them.

If we accept his word 'illusion' for his own attitude—and I am not sure we ought to—it takes a selective form. Though no one is more deeply aware of the flaws and evils in ancient Greece, he wants to show the world its good sides, and his strong humanism has led him to stress our debt to their humanist side and to say little or nothing about their not so humanist ancestors and elder cousins—Sumerians, Minoans, and other recent rediscoveries—and also to exclude completely from the tale the Greek's non-humanist heirs and descendants such as Russia, with its many institutions and its authoritarian rulership again directly owed to Hellas, through Karl Marx and (much more) through Byzantium.

In Murray's western humanistic view this branch of the Greek inheritance does not count as Hellenism. This means that he implicitly takes sides in the long-fought argument about what period of the Hellenic past deserves our attention most. The western, humanist Renaissance looked back to the great fifth century B.C., whereas the eastern, Russian, and Byzantine tradition owed far more to the Hellenistic, monarchical society created by Alexander. The great fifth century of the Periclean City State with its immense contribution to the human race has always stirred the English school, and Gilbert Murray was surely brought up on it. But his slightly younger contemporaries, Tarn and Rostovtzeff, the latter fittingly a Russian by origin, have thrown remarkable light on that later Hellenistic Age when Greek life took new forms expanded into vast new territories. The significance of this age was partly grasped more than a century ago, and since then we have come to see more clearly how it provided two bridges—one which joined Greece to Rome and a second bridge which joined the classical world to the east, and so made it

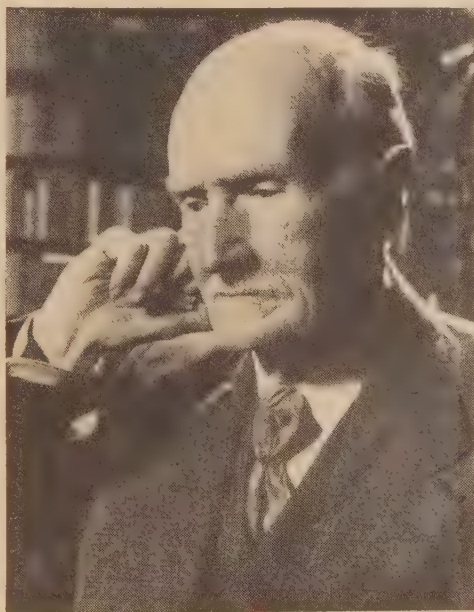
ready to receive from the east the visitation of Christianity.

Gilbert Murray knows all this well, as he knows all the spiritual aspects of Greece; and earlier he has written brilliantly about the Stoic thinkers who made it possible to build these bridges and who thereby gave this Hellenistic age its immense significance. But in his recent broadcasts, now published as *Hellenism and the Modern World**, though he calls the Stoics the 'greatest of Greek philosophical schools', they get only a few passing references. Personally, though it is a minority view, or perhaps the view of a Latinist, I should have liked almost half the book to have been about these Stoic thinkers who developed earlier hints and pronounced that all men are brothers by an inescapable law of nature. For surely this, more than any other part of Hellenism, is the foundation of western civilisation; since, when Cicero enthusiastically took it up and thought of the great brotherhood in terms of his own world-empire, it became the basis of enlightened thought in the Roman world, and one of the influences which most helped to mould Christianity.

The Stoic idea of world brotherhood affected foreign relations, too. Murray in his new book does not describe for us the political attempts at inter-state union—though with his League of Nations experience he knows about this sort of thing at first hand—but he does rather excitingly show how very important to modern times is the Hellenistic age because of its humane and international thinking. And he optimistically sees these qualities as reincarnated today to defeat the forces of darkness. But what he writes most movingly about is earlier Periclean fifth-century Athens. He is so good that I wish he had devoted to other Greek cities one-tenth of the imaginative gifts he has given to Athens. The trouble is that the many other truly remarkable Hellenic cities have not told us about themselves nearly so much, or nearly so well, as that incomparable literature of Athens. Yet if we could for a moment shield ourselves from its dazzling light, other cities could emerge from their mists, in Greece, south Italy and Sicily, Greek Asia Minor and Syria, and they could become perhaps not equal to Athens, but at any rate the highly significant factors of Hellenism that they were—and highly significant, too, they have been in their influence on ourselves, through Rome and through the early Christians.

Another Oxford scholar, Dunbabin, has recently given us a book on south Italy and Sicily, and that is perhaps the only outlying part of the Greek world where enough archaeological material is accessible for some sort of coherent picture to be drawn. But this is not a picture for the humanist, because the literature of this west Greece, its drama, is disastrously lost, with all the light that it would have thrown on the theatre at Athens, and also at Rome. And then, conversely, there is Greek Asia Minor with plenty of early thinking and writing but not nearly enough archaeology to show what this borderland was really like, not to speak of Greco-Roman Asia Minor, which still has many secrets to reveal.

But it is an epoch many centuries earlier that moves Gilbert Murray; and it is Athens surely that moves him most. Classic and inspiring, he rebuilds for us the shining city. A contemporary of his said that Athens 'gave me such a sense of home that every now and then a great longing comes over me like a wave for the shining temples high against the blue heaven, for the violet crown of encompassing hills and the island-studded sea'. Murray has brought this vision to life, and with it the classics, and so he has made the classics exciting to multitudes of us,



Dr. Gilbert Murray, O.M.

from one generation to another—and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking him for being the greatest interpreter of Athens in this century.

Ernest Renan asserted that Athens is the place, the only place, where we find perfection. This sort of attitude, in the particular form of hushed reverence towards battered classic marbles, infuriated Roger Fry and made the whole Athenian achievement go sour for him. Gilbert Murray, of course, is more judicious than Renan. For Athens was not all perfect, and no one has a more sensitive social conscience than he has.

The Flaw of Slavery

But take slavery, for example: he mentions it in connection with the Hellenistic world, but of fifth-century Athenian slavery he says nothing—because, he has now pointed out, his subject is the difference between Hellenic and barbarian: so he is ignoring matters like this in which the Greeks resemble any other people of their time. It has been argued lately that, in the violet-crowned city, slavery may not have been so bad as it is nowadays painted. All the same, Athenian 'democracy' did exclude nearly one-third of its population who were slaves—not to speak of resident aliens. One does not need to be a marxist, or to think Plato a monster, to conclude that Greco-Roman culture did not go far enough down the social scale; and that Athens, with what Toynbee calls its 'poisonous ingredients', bears its share of this flaw.

This is what social and economic history has to think about. But I do not think Dr. Murray would wish to extend his concept of humanism to include these fashionable studies. Between the wars, Rostovtzeff tackled such questions, and claimed that the ancient world's failure was a social failure. Thinking of his Russian homeland as well as Athenian democracy, he asked: can a higher civilisation be extended to those who have lacked it without fatal dilution and debasement? So to him it was a social problem. He would not allow a purely economic explanation of ancient decline. But that of course also we have been given in abundance by marxists and many others.

If Murray chooses not to include any of this economics in his brand of humanism, he has one ample justification, which is that a real social and economic history of ancient Greece still seems an impossibility. It is true that we have a general idea of the pressure of population on the land-hungry cities, and so on. But there is not one single ancient social or economic problem for which we have a sound basis of statistics. All we have are entirely precarious 'daisy-chains'. The ancient writers were not economists. The coins tell us a lot, but not enough. And what is added by inscriptions and papyri is fragmentary and highly problematical. So no social and economic history of ancient Greece has ever been written. And probably it never will be.

That is one of the troubles about Greek historical studies today. In these studies there is said to be an acute crisis. And another reason for this is a strong leaning, on many sides, towards laying down the law without discussion. So there are great gaps. I strongly suspect that the popular view is that almost everything possible has already been said about the Greeks. Even H. A. L. Fisher confessed that as an undergraduate in the last century he thought as much. But under pressure of new discoveries he recanted. And now we know without any doubt whatever how right he was to recant. Professor Momigliano has recently pointed out how extraordinarily large the gaps in our knowledge still are. 'We have no up-to-date history of archaic Ionia, of the Athenian empire, of the Seleucid empire. There is no history of Greek agriculture or of Greek coinage; no histories of Greek political theories after Aristotle'. And the list can be made much longer.

Spiritual Approach

When there are so many untilled fields, it is preposterous for students of the classics to suppose that there is nothing more to be done. I have argued elsewhere that in history Greek political studies really ought to come first as they used to, since there is reason to believe that they can be very illuminating for our gravest modern practical problems. But outside the usual field of historians, the spiritual approach of Gilbert Murray rises above all difficulties and deficiencies and remains unsurpassed. But since he started work, our society under the pressure of events has come to know very much less Greek. This does not make his message any less stimulating and valuable. On the contrary, it makes it all the more valuable, because for any society to know about Greece is clearly much better than *not* knowing about it, and now an intermediary is much more urgently necessary.

But when we call Murray a brilliant imaginative artist and re-creator

of the past, that is only half the story about him. The other fundamental aspect of his humanism is that he is a rationalist. This is a remarkable thing. For apart from the greatest ancient thinkers (and it is on them that his attitude is based), it is extremely rare to find a man whose approach to the past is both artistic and utilitarian, who has a sympathetic imagination and believes in being rational. Murray possesses both these qualities and asserts that whereas one test of any social order is artistic—the heights it can reach in the things of the spirit—the other is utilitarian: the test of how far it reduces suffering and increases good will.

He is not by any means the kind of late-Victorian rationalist whom we now rather sadly make fun of for having asserted that reason actually does govern the world. Murray is the quite different sort of rationalist who knows that reason does *not* govern the world, but wishes it did. And what is more he still believes, as he always has, that one day it may. So naturally what interests him in the Greeks is their fabulous advance towards rationality—their invention of human individuality, and free decision, and abstract thinking.

However, the Greeks were not just inhuman reasoning machines, but were on many occasions very irrational indeed. In fact they valued reason so highly *because* they tended strongly to emotional extremes. It was Gilbert Murray himself who summed up all the unreasoning beliefs and fears which lurked in Greek minds and invented a term for them 'inherited conglomerate'. And his early works have been criticised actually for overdoing the sort of Sir James Frazer anthropological themes—dealing with the irrational—which were then fashionable. Yet in his new book he says very little about Greek irrationality. For this we have to go to another recent work, *The Greeks and the Irrational*, by Professor E. R. Dodds. Dodds does not at all succumb to the exaggerated view that in classical Greece total savagery was only just round the corner. But he points out that none of the societies directly known to us is wholly free from primitive ways of thought. So why on earth should we suppose the ancient Greeks were?

The Greek City States

They were not, and one effect of their unreasonable tendencies was the tragically and boringly continual series of wars between the little city-states. Murray himself once described them as 'chiefly killing machines'. German historians used to say that these Greek states were like little German states which just needed a good dose of Macedonia, *alias* Prussia, to put them right. Now we feel that they were more like the distracted nations of Europe and we are not sure what sort of solution was desirable, and is desirable. Gilbert Murray is not an unconditional pacifist. But he has always found war even more distressing than most people do. And that is perhaps why irrational Greece is not the picture he has chosen to paint in his new book. I think he feels we have had more than enough disagreeable *Naturmenschen* lately, and so the Hellas that he gives us instead is like Shelley's,

Based on the crystalline sea
Of thought and its eternity.

And with this view of Greek culture in his mind, and being so strongly conscious that our western community is its lineal descendant, he asserts that this community—for all its faults—is 'called up to lead the world'. He used to think that a rival, the only real rival of the Hellenic civilisation, was China. But now China disgusts him, and Greece—and we its heirs—are the only leaders. And he defines this task rigorously. It is our duty, he says, taking our example from the ancient Greeks, to extend this heritage geographically, to Hellenise those countries which have so far not possessed its fruits.

Those of us who are nervous about modern crusades may feel that this 'making the bounds of freedom wider yet' is too ambitious a programme for our times, at any rate unless each country carefully restricts such activities to territories under its own control. And Murray tells us Toynbee has warned him against the self-admiration to which westerners are prone. All the same he sticks to his missionary view. But with certain qualifications. He is thinking not of a one-sided imposition but a mixture—India he quotes as an example. And as an afterthought, in practice, he agrees that we too have something to learn from the east. And surely he is right—whether we like it or not history is showing that it has got to be a two-way business. We must accept whatever gifts the east has to give us. But we have a lot to give them too. And among the very best is the inspiration that we have received from ancient Greece, and from its great interpreter in this twentieth century, Gilbert Murray.—*Third Programme*

The Whole Man Alive

By G. H. BANTOCK

THE poets and novelists have often argued that they do not write merely to entertain; they look upon themselves as having a wisdom to offer. The nineteenth-century writer called himself 'legislator' or 'Man-of-letters Hero'; he had, he thought, access to a superior reality. At the end of the century we find W. B. Yeats saying that 'the arts are . . . about to take upon their shoulders the burdens that have fallen from the shoulders of the priests'; and this gives a pretty fair indication of the sort of claim that the writer, each in his own idiom, is often likely to make. Though one could argue that it is impossible to substitute one thing for another and that the functions of literary artist and theologian must not be confused, I think that Yeats' remark, nevertheless, indicates the sort of importance the artist feels he has.

Critic of the Abstraction

Though there is no need to impute superhuman wisdom to the artist, he is obviously right to claim an important place for himself. And particularly at present when there is one theme with which the writer is very much concerned and which I think is relevant to our current ways of thinking. Moreover, it is a theme which springs from the writer's awareness of the nature of his own activity. What I am referring to is the way in which the modern writer has come to be the critic of the abstraction, of impersonal ideas.

Over the last 100 years, it seems to me, the writer has more and more come to see that he must deal with the unique and the particular. He has declared war on the conventional, the formulated, and the systematised. By that I do not mean that he has become eccentric. What I do mean is that he deals with what is of general significance in our common life, but that he probes behind the conventional formulations of current moralities and gives life and complexity to what is otherwise too simplified to represent the fullness of the living human being. Ours, as Yeats pointed out, is a much divided civilisation; and as an indication of how the writer has felt his lack of social roots it is interesting to see how much time he spends in exploring the problem of personal identity. 'Who am I?' is the basic question asked in Lawrence's *Rainbow*, Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist*, Myers' *The Root and the Flower*—to go no further. It seems as if the problem of personal identity, the search for what one really is in an incoherent civilisation, the urge to individual life against the inhibiting power of defined morality, has made the writer particularly sensitive to the fact that social and political abstractions are often pretty meaningless when judged in terms of individual lives.

His attitude is rather similar to that of Ursula in *The Rainbows*. Ursula, you will remember, is questioning Skrebensky, the young Pole with whom she is seeking to establish a relationship, about his work. When he admits that what he does is mostly concerned with preparation for war, she asks him why he considers going to war a rather exciting possibility. His reply, to the effect that the nation depends for its existence on its willingness to fight, elicits from Ursula the comment that neither of them constitutes the nation; and when Skrebensky urges that others might say the same, she replies that the existence of the nation is a matter of indifference to her, and that, nation or no nation, she would still have her own personal identity. Finally, when she has forced him to the admission that when there is no war all he can do is to hold himself in readiness for one, she rejects him by telling him that he seems like nothing to her because he has no personal being, only an impersonal one.

The modern writer is rather like Ursula. He cannot easily conceive of personal being as existing in such highly abstract terms as those represented by the idea of nationality which is too remote from living interests and individual relationships to mean much to him. Mr. E. M. Forster, for instance, tells us he would rather betray his country than his friend. It so happens that the social systems of our day and the superstructure of ideas which support them—I can think of democracy, for instance—have depended for their existence to a peculiar extent on highly abstract conceptions, such as equality or the rights of man. To

the writer such abstractions have lacked vitalising power; he has been unable to commit himself in the way in which Shakespeare—shall we say?—was able to accept the hierarchical picture of the universe more or less ready-made from the medieval tradition. In 'Macbeth', for instance, Shakespeare can see that there are conventional forms of relationship between king and subject which the subject violates at his peril. I do not mean to say that there are not personal elements mixed up in our repulsion at Macbeth's murder of Duncan. I do mean, however, that some at least of Shakespeare's horror at the deed comes from the violation of that purely traditional trust which comes from the breaking of the bonds of right relationship.

I think one can trace the growth of the sense of personal identity as against the abstract in a novel such as *Wuthering Heights*. There Emily Brontë is concerned with a relationship which transcends society's ordinary arrangements with regard to marriage. There have been many previous stories which have dealt with extra-marital relationships. But what marks off Emily Brontë's treatment lies in her clear apprehension of two separate sorts of claim and in the relative emphasis she gives to each. As a social being, Cathy needs to marry Edgar Linton, who can give her that status and financial security that she openly admits she wants. But there is a stronger claim which springs from the depths of her own nature, and which is unique to her experience. For her relationship with Heathcliff exists on quite a different level, and—and this is the point—on a more important level. As Cathy says to Nelly Dean: 'Nelly, I am Heathcliff! He's always, always in my mind: not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself, but as my own being'. We can see that the ordinary claims of marriage matter very little to Cathy as against her basic human attachment to Heathcliff. Incidentally, the relationship of the two—of Cathy and Heathcliff—could hardly contain a more convincing repudiation of the whole utilitarian ethos, with its emphasis on pleasure and happiness. What Emily Brontë convincingly shows us is something too fundamental to fit in with any conventional formulation of human affairs or of human relationship. The whole socio-political set-up of early Victorian England goes by the board in that cleavage of soul to soul which Cathy's and Heathcliff's mutual passion implies.

And it is in this Emily Brontë tradition that D. H. Lawrence, for instance, writes. What Lawrence, in his novel, is concerned with, in effect, is the morality of what basically is, as against the fixed 'moral scheme' which he found so repugnant in, for example, Dostoevsky. As a novelist he was goaded on by his awareness of the 'mystic Now', as he calls it. When he was writing *The Rainbow* he wrote a letter to Edward Garnett in which he explained his purpose. He was concerned, he said, with a woman becoming individual, self-responsible, taking her own initiative. And, in speaking of this woman, he exclaimed that he only cared about 'what the woman is—what she is'. No one wrote more passionately than Lawrence against what he called the 'idealisation' of the modern world; and by idealisation he implied the sort of automatic response that comes from living in terms of a specific idea, whether it be an idea of oneself as a social being, of one's position in society, or an idea, such as that of the equality of man, culled from current political thinking.

Re-defining Traditional Concepts

And so the artist serves us by re-defining for us those traditional concepts, those high abstractions, which we all too lazily fall back on as substitutes for living experience. Some years ago Professor D. W. Harding suggested that it was some such re-definition of the concepts of 'eternity' and 'regret' which Mr. Eliot was providing in 'Burnt Norton'. What Mr. Eliot was, in effect, doing in that poem was to revivify concepts which, in the generalised formulations of the theologian or the psychologist, lacked vital meaning and significance; and he did it by giving us particular experiences relevant to such concepts. The artist has, I am sure, been conscious of his own hostility to the abstract and the conceptual. His distaste is implied, for instance, in Yeats' appraisal of Synge as seeming 'by nature unfitted to think a

political thought', and in Eliot's very similar assessment of Henry James as having a 'mind so fine that no idea could violate it'.

Again, the writer has often noted how our very language has succumbed to the tyranny of the impersonal. Yeats, in his experiments with the drama, felt he must repudiate impersonal language for this language which was not the result of individual ways of looking at things but came out of the impersonal life of commerce, mass education, and the life of the great city; and so he found in Synge's use of the dialects of Kerry and Aran a 'medicinal manner of speech . . . for it could not even express, so little abstract it is and so rammed with life, those worn generalisations of national propaganda'.

In thus repudiating the conceptual and the inert language which expresses the concept, I think the writer serves us well. He not only tries to keep the tools of thought fresh and unviolated; by his use of these tools he retains individual and particular ways of looking at things as against the vast impersonalising forces of our day. For, in the place of these abstract ideas, the novelist does not offer another, if subtler, abstraction; he merely shows us human beings acting and reacting in concrete situations, and he allows us to draw our own conclusions from the enlargement of sensibility which he has afforded us. In *The Mill on the Floss*, for instance, George Eliot shows us how Tom Tulliver is to be educated. Mr. Tulliver, who has educational ambitions for his son, puts him under the guidance of the Reverend Mr. Stelling. Mr. Stelling has very clear ideas about what constitutes adequate instruction for the young and he sets about teaching Tom 'with that uniformity of method and independence of circumstances which distinguish the actions of animals understood to be under the immediate teaching of nature'. He seeks to instil the Eton Grammar and Euclid into the mind of Tom Tulliver. But Tom has not the sort of mind that

responds to such treatment. Tom had many capabilities: he had a keen eye and considerable practical aptitude. But his faculties failed him, as George Eliot says, 'before the abstractions hideously symbolised to him in the pages of the Eton Grammar, and . . . he was in a state bordering on idiocy with regard to the demonstration that two given triangles must be equal'. And so the educational experiment is a sad failure.

One does not come away from reading this feeling that all Latin and geometry must be ruthlessly expelled from the schoolroom. One has merely had a concrete demonstration of the truth of George Eliot's dictum that, to her, 'speculative truth begins to appear but a shadow of individual minds'. One is sensitised to the fact that our abstract conceptions of what is right and proper—whether it be in education, as with Tom Tulliver, or in the social demands of marriage, as with Cathy, or in the purpose of the nation, as with Ursula and Skrebensky—take too little account of the infinite complexity of human life. What the writer can do—what, if he is rightly apprehended, I am sure he does do—is to disclose the uniqueness of human personality in contrast to the generality of abstract thought, and hence reveal the hesitation behind the confident judgment, the sudden movement of the soul behind the over-precise formulation. And so one is led to see the dangers of submitting all to a similar regimen, from categorising, from thinking of human beings apart from the living, sentient individuals.

It was Lawrence who said that

. . . being a novelist, I consider myself superior to the saint, the scientist, the philosopher and the poet, who are all great masters of different bits of man alive, but never get the whole hog.

Only the novelist, Lawrence considered, could capture the 'whole man alive'. One begins to see something of what he meant.

—Third Programme

A Pilgrims' Church in France

By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

WE went to Conques from Le Puy, a day's drive through the Massif Central with distant views, rows upon rows of hills; forests of fir trees with their spicy scent, grey crags, and bare, square tops of basalt, standing out above the sparse green of the fields. Then down to the winding river Lot, a friendlier scene, back to vines on the slopes and to birch trees and chestnut trees. Finally a bridge—off into the valley of a side-stream, up above the stream, rising along the side of a gorge, and round a corner, and there, away from everything, with no more than a small village clustering around it, stands the church of Sainte Foy or St. Faith.

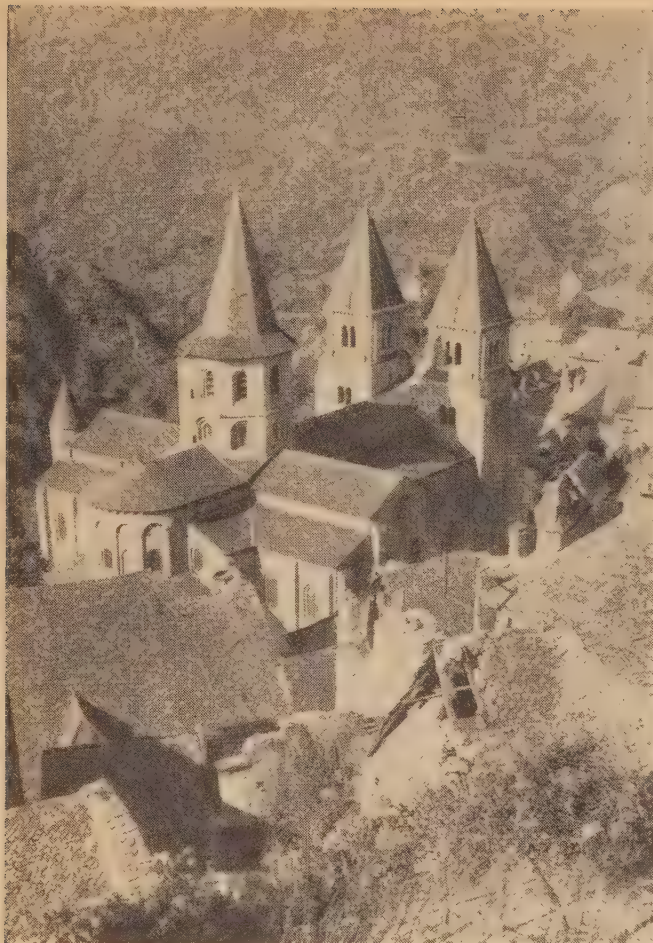
St. Faith lived at Agen, not very far from Conques. She was a child of twelve—*virginitatis candore formosissima*. She embraced the religion of Christ and thereby roused the fury of the Roman governor, a man *asper et exosus, mundax, homicida, dolosus*. He pressed her to worship Diana, and when she refused had her tied to a bed of iron, her four limbs cruelly stretched out to the four corners. Then a fire was lit beneath, and as his soldiers stoked the fire and fanned the flames, she suffered martyrdom. Of the pity and the poetry of this story, which would have so delighted the sentimental medievalisers of the nineteenth century, the church has nothing, and the image which the pilgrims worshipped throughout the Middle Ages has no more. It is a seated figure, three feet high, and dates from the late tenth century, immensely impressive but utterly graceless and quite impermeable to any human approach or sympathy. Some people will remember it from the French Exhibition in London about twenty years ago, her big head with the staring eyes, the stiffly put-out hands on the arms of the throne, which once held the bed of iron, the symbol of her martyrdom, her bejewelled crown and garments, the cameos mixed up with big crude semi-precious stones on the background of gold-plating—a barbaric idol. Bernard of Angers, who described it as early as about 1020, calls it the *Majestas Sanctae Fides*; and majesty, a fearful majesty, no one could deny it.

The church, begun about 1045 or 1050, is in the same spirit: majestic, dark, stark, and menacing. We saw it first as the light began to fail. It stands oppressively near you, wherever you are in the little village. Just past the hotel the street runs along its side, and above it

and from our rooms at the hotel also we could see its three towers—two at the front and one over the crossing—all renewed, incidentally, after Prosper Mérimée had more or less rediscovered the abandoned church. Anyway, genuine or restored, there were the towers, dark above the grey stone slates of the houses opposite. However, we had to shut the windows because of the mosquitoes. The hotel itself is half-timbered and small. The proprietor stood in the entrance as we came, and doffed his French beret: Yes, the rooms are ready. Up a wooden staircase, past a wonderful period-piece of a telephone machine on a wooden box—with a crank. Then a wash, a run to the church and round the church, too dark to see details but not too dark to be awed by it, and back to dinner.

And what a dinner! There was no menu: the dinner just came. There was soup, then an omelette of lavish size with slices of sausage, then, to our surprise, *spaghetti al burro*, then roast young chicken on lettuce leaves with *tomates farcies*, and of course fruit and cheese. To the fruit they served cake. The cheeses were three kinds, all *du pays* and all just right in consistency and age, a Cantal, a blue Auvergne, and a third whose name and taste I have forgotten. Wine was included, and a wine worth drinking. What a strange country! Think of England in comparison. With all deference to their potential catering facilities, would you expect that sort of food at a hotel at, say, Much Wenlock, or Pershore?

Or would you indeed expect this in England: there was a little conversation from table to table. What is the best way to get to Clermont-Ferrand tomorrow? The car which our Dutch friends had hired at The Hague was Czechoslovakian, from behind the Iron Curtain, but looking much like an American car. It was not a very big or powerful car, and so we wanted to avoid the worst climbs of the Massif Central. There was a gentleman at a table in the far corner, well dressed, a little *à l'Anglaise*, with flannels and tweed jacket, and he came forward and said we ought to go either by Murat or by Mauriac, because in the one case we would see Issoire, in the other case St. Nectaire—both, I may say, amongst the important Auvergne churches of the same Romanesque style as Conques. 'Ah—you must see St. Nectaire—capitals with sculpture . . . '—and he kissed, he



The church of St. Foy, Conques

really kissed, his finger-tips. And then he started about a journey through Provence. They had been to see the theatre at Orange, where they had apparently tested the acoustics of the Romans by reciting Racine, and then they had gone to Les Baux, the ghostly hill town all in ruins (which we had to miss). And before we knew where we were, he was reciting to us poetry in Provençal. He first did it in scraps with translation into French for the benefit of the foreigners, but then it was repeated in Provençal in impeccable cadenza. He had a piece of his baguette in his hand, for he was in the middle of his meal, as we were of ours. But to let us hear this poetry and to tell of the capitals of St. Nectaire was imperative.

That also struck us as singularly French. But I have known cultured and enthusiastic amateurs of architecture in England as well, none more attractive than the late Gordon Jackson, Professor of Zoology and Master of Birkbeck College, who never came back from a holiday but full of new thrills of Norman village churches, and who besides was the master of any instrument I can remember and played through many a fire-watching night. But the fiery rhetoric of this unknown Frenchman was something different. What was he? A manufacturer whose *usines* allowed him to spend much time away? A newspaper owner? A publisher? I have no idea, but the whole performance surely was as French as the dinner. He tasted his capitals as if they were a *soufflé*, and spoke of his pleasures with an elegance of diction of which no language but French is capable.

But—and here was food for thought—this conception which we have of what is French, how far does it reach back? To Voltaire and Boucher of course, to Ronsard and Jean Goujon—yes, and even to Enguerrand Charonton's exquisite 'Coronation of the Virgin' of 1454, and the 'Vierge Dorée' of Amiens, and the 'Presentation' as well as the 'Visitation' on the west portal of Rheims—that is to 1250 or 1240 or 1235. But not further; that is, emphatically not to Conques.

Indeed, it could hardly go back further, because before 1200 France was not France. The King had his *domaine royal* round Paris, but the rest of the country consisted of regions each with its own ruler, its own character, and its own architecture. These regions were killed by the advance of royal France, especially in the cruel Albigensian crusade of about 1220. As the Kings advanced, first Philip Augustus and then Louis IX, they brought with them the elegant, resilient, sharp, intelligent High Gothic of Amiens and Beauvais. New cathedrals went up at Toulouse and Narbonne and so on, entirely opposed to the wide, mighty, aisleless spaces which had been built in the south in the twelfth and early thirteenth centuries. It is, indeed, a great fascination for the historian in looking at French churches between, say, 1060 and 1200 to observe what clear-cut characters the regions possessed; the southwest differs from Provence, Provence differs from Poitou, Poitou from Auvergne, and so on. But Conques is something special, doubly special. The position is this. Across the regional types of churches there lies a chain, or two chains, of large and important churches which do not in their style belong to the regions, but to each other. They are, it has been proved, some of the principal pilgrimage churches of France and Spain, and they are placed along the principal pilgrimage roads through France to Santiago de Compostela. We know of them through the *Liber Sancti Jacobi* of about 1140. One line goes through Vézelay, the other through St. Martin at Tours. They linked such sanctuaries as St. Gilles, St. Sernin in Toulouse (the largest of the surviving pilgrimage churches), Moissac, and Limoges, Le Puy, Conques.

Most of these are of one and the same type, the same type as Santiago itself, and the historical interest of Conques is that it is the earliest preserved example of the type. It is unlikely that the type was created here. Many nowadays think that its origin is Tours. I think myself Burgundian origin is more likely. Of Tours nothing survives but two towers, and so Conques remains the earliest church of the pilgrimage type which we have. It had been begun by 1050, St. Etienne at Nevers, nearly of the same type, followed in 1063, Limoges about 1065. Then, from the 'seventies onwards, arose Santiago and St. Sernin, and so on. The features which these churches have in common are these. They have, of course, no evocative value when they are just enumerated. They are a chancel with an apse, a passage or ambulatory round it, and chapels radiating from the ambulatory, then transepts with aisles, a crossing with a tower over, and a nave with aisles, a big gallery or tribune above them, no upper or clerestory windows, and then a tunnel-vault, with arches to divide it into bays, one for each arch of arcade and gallery.

If I may now take the concrete example of Conques, perhaps you will get a little nearer an idea what all these features mean architecturally and emotionally. First of all, as we saw the church from the village street and the little opening in front of it that evening a few weeks ago, it seemed singularly sombre. That is due to the building material they used, the slaty local basalt. They began as a matter of fact with a finer buff limestone at the east end, where medieval churches were usually begun in order to complete the sanctuary first. But then money perhaps flowed less amply, and transepts, nave, and aisles are all blackish from outside. They are blackish inside, too, though not for reason of material, but for lack of light. I told you,



Detail of the tenth-century statue of St. Foy at Conques

there are no upper windows in these pilgrimage churches, and their absence makes one understand why that upper storey is called the clerestory or clear-storey. It was left out, because a tunnel vault lies heavy on the whole walls supporting it and a clerestory is then a very risky affair. The arcades can be tall, however, and the gallery arcades also, because aisles and galleries act as buttresses, and indeed as concealed flying buttresses, to the weight of the vault.

At Ely, of the same years as the pilgrimage churches, the arcades and galleries are just as tall, but there is a clerestory as well, because no stone vault was attempted. Why the French were so determined to vault their naves one can easily understand as well as see: because stone between the timber roof construction and the nave below was the best protection against fire, and also because closing a room by a vault above our heads is the best means of achieving a unity of the whole space. At Ely, left wall and right wall tend to be felt in isolation. But darkness is the price paid for that unity. The windows in the aisles and galleries are not large enough to spread much light, and, besides, glass in the eleventh century was impure and not wholly transparent. So the mighty hoops of the arches across the tunnel vault high up can scarcely have been more than guessed, and the crude but lively scenes which are carved to decorate the capitals, the sacrifice of Abraham, David and Bathsheba, eagles facing each other heraldically, and so on, can only rarely have flashed up in sunlight or candlelight. Similarly, the clarity of the arrangement at the east end, with transepts, transept aisles, chapels attached to them, and with apse and ambulatory, and radiating chapels attached to it, can inside never have been so happily convincing as it is in its stepped-up hierarchy when looked at from outside.

How much I would give to know how all this impressed the eleventh and twelfth century pilgrim, the common man of the age of William

the Conqueror, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, St. Thomas of Canterbury. What did he feel when he reached Conques, after a hazardous journey from Notre Dame at Le Puy or Notre Dame du Port at Clermont Ferrand through the dense forests and over the black heights of the mountains? He entered the church, as we do, below one of those large and wildly populated tympana of which the most famous are at Moissac, at Autun and Vézelay. That at Conques must be a little later, the seated figure of Christ is a little less fearful, but the gestures of His stiff hands, one up to direct the redeemed, one down where hideous devils torture the damned, seems still inexorable, although there is already much pity and lovingness in such a group as that of Abraham holding his arms round two saved souls. How many pilgrims would read the carved bands of text between the tiers of the scenes: '*Homines perversi sic sunt in tartara mersi*'; and, also in Latin: 'Oh you sinners, if you do not alter your ways, remember that you will meet a hard judgment'—'*judicium durum vobis scitote futurum*'.

That is what the portal, and the whole church with its gaunt proportions, and the fearsome golden idol also, told the pilgrims. That is what awed them again as they left Conques and walked or rode to Moissac, to Toulouse, and finally to Santiago, the goal of their pilgrimage, where they worshipped at the shrine of St. James, patron saint of all pilgrims. Did they move along then through France and Spain, praying and beating their breasts? Or did they enjoy the fabulous experience of new lands and new languages and tell each other stories such as Chaucer's? Who can say? They probably did both; for the Middle Ages were more capable than we are of quick and sudden changes of mood, from anger to compassion, from piety to obscenity. So perhaps hymns alternated with talk as quick and elegant as that of our friend with his big car, and fasting alternated with meals as good as the ones at the Hotel Sainte Foy.—*Third Programme*

An Open Issue

The last of eight talks on 'Prospect of Britain' by CHRISTOPHER SALMON

TO find oneself in the company of friends, and to have, at any rate for the time being, no quarrel with oneself, encourages the mood of recollection. How pleasant it can then be to touch upon this experience and that as those which have made us what we are. It seemed to me at the beginning of my journey that I should be able to look back, afterwards, on what I had seen with an agreeable sense of national self-satisfaction. I had been abroad for five years. In 1946 Britain had seemed about to apply to its domestic problems firm principles which it had arrived at after a prolonged session of self-examination and self-discipline. The session had started, I thought, with Lloyd George's budget of 1910 and had lasted until the end of the second world war. But, finally, it seemed to me, we had worked things out and were ready to establish the new social order for which everyone had been waiting. The consequences might be far-reaching. Russia and America would be able to look to us for common ground, and the Far East and India and Africa might be able to find here just those modifications of industrialism which they needed.

Now, when my journey is over, these prospects seem still a long way off. If we do eventually make to the world a contribution of this kind, I think it is going to be after we have discovered more than we know at present about our own motives and the social consequences of what we believe in. It seems to me, looking back, that in 1946 I must have mistaken for a theory of society what was really no more than a sense of values, keenly felt, no doubt, but not yet developed into explicit thought or worked out as a social system. I do not think we have by any means gone back upon these values. Nor are they new to us. Nor have we ever forgotten them either wholly or for long at a time since we first worked them, as a part of Christendom, into the fabric of our society in medieval times. The defenders of religious toleration re-stated them powerfully during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The industrial revolution forced them to ground, as it were, in the countryside, and then the industrial wage-earners dug them out, and brought them back to the towns, and undertook a hundred years' crusade on their behalf. In our own century they inspired a militant political party, and legislative reforms and fiscal policies have been founded on them. But

their recent social influence seems to me to have made rather for the destruction of nineteenth-century motives than for the construction of new. We have given ourselves all sorts of economic scaffolding, but not yet the walls of our new house. Politics and economics are proper activities of society, but they are no substitute for social life, nor can society live on a sense of justice alone.

Meanwhile, though this is not commonly noticed, we continue, in two most important fields of social activity, to rely on nineteenth-century motives. I am thinking of industry and education, and the trouble is that in neither place do these old motives any longer fit our circumstances, or represent our aims. Nineteenth-century society cohered by the operation of a law of a kind of inverse gravity by which everyone was bent to surpass his neighbour by mounting from stage to stage through a hierarchy of profession and rank. Into our system of public education the assumption was written that the desire and the capacity to rise socially must be included in the training of any latent intellectual talent, and, presently, social betterment came to be thought of, among the great majority of English families, as the principal object of education. The result has been, as we know, to drain from our countryside, and, generally, from all wage-earning levels, the native intelligence on which any local culture was bound chiefly to depend. We have robbed Wales, I think it would be admitted, of generations of school-teachers. We have robbed the farmers. We have robbed the agricultural labourers. We have robbed the industrial workers of the brains they needed.

It seems to me that the desire for this kind of social movement was never more than skin deep in British society, and has now almost entirely died out of us. We must therefore, surely, concern ourselves to reverse metropolitan tendencies, and to make life much fuller and more satisfying than it has been for 150 years in every corner of society. The Arts Council has been devoting itself to this, and a great deal of local aesthetic and intellectual activity has in fact been successfully encouraged up and down the country. But we have chosen this very moment to push the implications of our earlier education policy further than we had hitherto pushed them. We have begun to apply centrally

devised competitive standards more systematically than ever to all our children, and to establish, from an earlier age, a chain of movement from elementary, through secondary, to university education, which is to enable those judged to be the most intellectually deserving to pass on to what are, according to the old conceptions, still being thought of as essentially higher levels of society and occupation. There seems to me to be something additionally anachronistic in our continuing to use, in the interests of this social drainage, the old-fashioned funnel which led upwards through the clerical and administrative occupations. For it is already clear that by applying electronic machinery to the business of calculation and routine administration, we are going to be able, soon, to dispense with much of what has, for 100 years, been among the least rewarding kinds of work. It seems to me that we should now kick away from our system of schooling this ladder of illusion with its rotten rungs. The worst is, perhaps, that in the service of outmoded social ambitions we are increasingly inclined to substitute the teaching of techniques for real education. Yet it is evident that without much more self-determining power of thought and judgment than we have hitherto been able to count on in society, we shall be all the time increasingly liable, as we make our society more open and homogeneous, to the conventional tyrannies and the hysterical temper of a centrally controlled public opinion.

Making Work Socially Satisfying

I have already, in these talks, had something to say about motives in industry. We seem to be relying at present, in the face of extreme economic need, on stimulating production among wage-earners by systems of piece-rates and bonus incentives. But we must not think that by themselves these will be enough. The most important change we can introduce will be to make the work of the industrial wage-earner for the first time socially satisfying. We can do this by learning to think of the machine as a cultural agent, and by developing the social opportunities and obligations of factory life. No society can long continue in health by merely paying for work which it cannot make satisfying. Because the Victorians regarded work in industry as necessarily hard and disagreeable, they made little effort to introduce tolerable conditions into mines, and mills, and foundries, and were content to think of industry itself as an economic necessity instead of as an element in society. This was to exclude the industrial worker from the benefits of culture, and also to misunderstand both the nature of work and the nature of culture. Soon it was only those who earned their living with their minds who expected to find work satisfying. Earning a living with the mind, or at any rate not with the hand, became everyone's ambition, and this was not without its own dangers to society.

Recent anthropological investigations have left us with far less excuse than the Victorians had for mistaking the essentially social character of all work. I have seen nothing which makes me think that it would be very difficult to make the work done in industry personally satisfying. We have already got rid of most of the intolerable conditions, and we should now, surely, proceed to put this to use by developing the human relations which the new conditions can support. The machine itself can be turned to advantage. The less any work may demand of the individual person, the more it can be made to involve him with other people. The social opportunities of the factory seem to me virtually unlimited, and still hardly explored. It seems to me that these could be developed both as an essential part of the work organised within the factory walls, and then, also, in the development of relations between the factory and the neighbourhood, where the factory does not need to play the part of patron but merely to carry out the functions of any social nucleus in local community life.

We have to make up our minds what it is that we have been aiming at in our last forty years of social legislation. Have we merely been concerned, for the sake of justice, to attack privilege and redistribute income? Or have we been concerned to lay the axe at the root of the Victorian age by attacking their principle of encouraging individual effort by proportional money rewards? It seems to me that it is this last which we undertook. But if we decided, as I think we did, that the money motive was no longer to be trusted, it is not enough simply to have deprived that motive of its influence. We must put others in its place. Money, we have seen, may easily corrupt our attitude towards work. Work, we must see, needs no other reward than social satisfaction. So, using money to make work possible, we must set about making the work itself everywhere socially satisfying. This will require us to relate the industrial worker, and the place in which he works, and the

industry of which he is a part, directly, and for the first time, to the main body of society. I believe it will not be quite easy for us, while we do this, to preserve the other elements in society. And this is partly because, under the influence of economic thought, we have become accustomed more and more, during the past 100 years, to recognise and distinguish these, also, in terms merely of money. We need to teach ourselves, and as quickly as we can, much more than we seem to know at present about the reality of our social values.

My journey through the contemporary British scene, partial and confined as it has been, has convinced me that, in breaking down the compartments and communities of British social life, we have destroyed the forces which formerly held us together, but have not yet set in motion any of our own which can make us one. The disintegration is evident, the integration seems hardly to have begun.

It seems to me, accordingly, that we must not allow ourselves merely to exploit the charms of contemporary life, though they are many and endearing. I cannot remember when British social exchanges seemed as unassuming and sensible and cheerful as at present they do. Life for most people is probably happier than it has been, in Britain, for a very long time. We seem to be dancing through a grand chain in a family Roger de Coverley. We seem to pass each other, and shake each other's hands, without affectation and without envy. But I am sure it is not enough that we should now merely enjoy our enlarged movement and acquaintance, or that we should each go quietly about earning our own living, or even that we should attend to the business of looking after our own families. Some set of social principles we need to discover which we can count on to make out of our individual efforts a common good. During the nineteenth century we let loose enormous reserves of power by appealing to what was self-centred in the individual, and trusted to technical organisation to save us from the natural consequences. Distrusting that appeal, we must look once more to our moral resources.

We must push our thinking to where we can recognise that there is nothing natural or inevitable either about our system of practical relations, or about the economic or political organisation which we set up to safeguard them. It seems so natural that the 8.20 a.m. train should be at the station in the morning, that there should be churches, and incumbents to marry us in them, or to baptise our children, and that there should be occupations and professions open to us by which we can earn our livings. The same patterns seem to hold, and the same choices to present themselves to all our European neighbours. But that is only because we are all heirs of Christendom, and all inherited the forms of social organisation which Christian believers worked out as an expression of their beliefs. We have no reason to think that any forms of social organisation, however convenient they are, can long survive being emptied of the faith and the zeal that informed them.

The Price of Stepping Out from Old Belief

The price of stepping out from old belief is the necessity of discovering what we now believe. We vote for this or that political candidate. We subscribe to this or that political platform. We pay our taxes. But these are not the essential activities. We are not citizens, merely, or merely members of a national economy. Indeed policy and economy are professions, modes in which we have learned to represent ourselves to one another in order that we may set up systems of useful technical relations between us, within which we may act towards each other, according to rule. Politics and economics are useful. They are how we have learned, in detachment, to behave. They are chess-boards and railway time-tables, accountable, strict, and easy to know. But what is social in us is love, not a technique at all, and not reducible to rules, but dependent on individual judgment, and needing to be continually studied and practised as the art of personal relations between us.

The Greek philosophers liked to describe man as a political animal. This was because, being few in number and relying on slave labour, the citizens of the city-states were able to practise their politics in person, in the process of immediate discussion and decision. They did not need, as we do, a professional administration, or a permanent civil service. Politics has become for us very much a technical matter, and we do better to think of ourselves as social rather than political in our nature, so that we may not be tempted to suppose that political, or economic, experts can make us, or keep us, whole.

Foreign criticism is generally galling, and American criticism is,

(continued on page 1126)

NEWS DIARY

December 22-29

Tuesday, December 22

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive in Auckland

Output of coal reaches highest weekly level for nearly sixteen years

The Colonial Secretary informs the Kabaka of Buganda that the decision to withdraw recognition from him is final

Wednesday, December 23

René Coty is elected French President after the thirteenth ballot

Lavrenti Beria, former head of the Soviet Security Services, and six associates are sentenced to death and shot for high treason

Leaders of the shipbuilding and engineering unions decide to recommend a ban on piece-work and overtime from January 18

Thursday, December 24

Over 150 people are killed or missing in a railway disaster in New Zealand. Over 100 killed in railway accident in Czechoslovakia

Major the Earl Wavell is killed in an attack by Mau Mau terrorists

Friday, December 25

The Queen gives her Christmas broadcast from Auckland (see page 1113)

The Prime Minister of New Zealand sets up emergency committee following the railway disaster. Messages of sympathy are received from the British Prime Minister and many others

Saturday, December 26

Russia proposes that four-power conference in Berlin shall be delayed for at least three weeks to ensure adequate preparation

French Union forces in central Indo-China withdraw from a town on the border of Siam. The Government of Siam proclaims a state of emergency

President Eisenhower announces that two American divisions are to be withdrawn from Korea

Sunday, December 27

French military reinforcements are flown to central Indo-China where the Viet-Minh offensive has cut the country in two

Western Powers consider the Russian Note about the Berlin meeting

Monday, December 28

Five thousand Maoris greet the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh in New Zealand

Britain invited to associate with the European Coal and Steel Community

Tuesday, December 29

Minister of Labour sees shipbuilding employers about wage dispute

Prime Minister presides over meeting of Cabinet

CHRISTMAS



A general view of the ring at *Bertram Mills Circus* at Olympia, London, during the balancing act by the Rogge Sisters. Two other circuses are also to be seen in London—Jack Hylton's at Earls Court and Tom Arnold's at Harringay Arena



'Puss in Boots', the pantomime at the Palace Theatre, Manchester: the whole company assembled in the final scene

The palace
part

HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS



A scene from *'Peter Pan'* at the Scala Theatre, London, in which this year Pat Kirkwood plays the title role. Left to right: Michael (Christopher Beeny), Wendy (Norah Gorsen), Peter Pan, and John (Sean Barrett)



The finale, representing the British Navy ruling the seas, of *'Sinbad the Sailor on Ice'* at the Empress Hall, Earls Court, London. Another ice pantomime, *'Humpty Dumpty'*, is at the Empire Pool, Wembley



A scene in *'Cinderella'* at the Palladium, London's only West End. The cast includes Richard Hearne, Max Bygraves, and Adele Dixon



A scene from the children's Christmas play *'Where the Rainbow Ends'* at the Stoll Theatre, London. Anton Dolin takes the part of St. George

(continued from page 1123)

perhaps, more galling at this moment than any other. Still we can hardly be the worse for knowing that Americans now commonly class us with France and Italy among the less reliable elements in western Europe. In Italy and France it is political instability they fear, in Britain it is our attitude to work. Sweden, Norway, and Denmark the Americans trust, and Switzerland, and Holland, and even Germany. But about us they have misgivings, although we are administratively honest and politically mature. What they doubt is

our power to recover, and that is because they doubt our will to work.

There is one element, though, in our present condition, which the Americans probably miss: our social conscience. This it is, it seems to me, which has directed the past forty years of our social history, and which, since the war, has made us willing to put up with rationing, and purchase tax, and luxury tax, and export preferences, and kept our own ideal before us of equality before the law. This conscience is the real heart of our society, and while it beats, we must still have, it seems to me, as much chance as we need.—*Third Programme*

The Observatory: An Adventure in Space

It is high summer now, and evening on earth.
The long, clouded day has cleared
And the lowering ceiling of the afternoon
Which hung its leaden disk
Like doom around our shoulders
Slowly now disintegrates, becomes
These blue channels of the houseless wind.
Parking cars upon the Heath, the normal couples
Snap each other in a deckchair trance.
Flown from the highest point, but level with his eyes,
A boy's red kite is sparkling in the dusk, its lazy tail
Dipped in the early lamps that plot the darkening vale.

A toy sail flutters at the centre of the White Stone Pond.
The waiting child, remembering at last how long the day has been,
Wades on his reflection, makes a final stone
Skip like a meteor through his watery heaven,
And runs downhill into the dusk of home.
The pond is pale and vacant, mirroring another sky
Whose rimless horizon seems to smoke
And smoulder in a haze of rose and red.
Its vertical elevation here is level, soundless blue
In which a tiny 'plane, unfathomably high, a blazing spark,
Hardly appears to move, a silver fire
Caught in the moon's new arc of bare, steel wire.

Above the reservoir, whose iron railings,
Like an institution's, prison the local water-tank
But cannot cage the sky that inundates
Machine-huts, shrubbery and gale-torn junipers
With an even flow of dusk beneath a nightly pressure;
There the Observatory lifts a modest wooden dome
Out of the rockeries and rhododendrons, a structure
Insignificant yet marvellous, a-divine and human breast
That holds the Milky Way, and feeds on galaxies.
With the learned astronomer by forbidding notice-boards we venture
To this haven from the world and from the coming night,
That is to take us far beyond, yet keep them both in sight.

Austere and chill this sacred cavern where our eyes
Will crane out into space, and graze the starry meadows: bare floor
And pitch-pine chapel walls. But mercifully in the place
Of holy exhortations and illuminated Bible texts
We read the new perplexities of the celestial chart,
Sky-atlases, the airy tables of astronomy, approximations
Of the moon's geography, and all the radiant maps
Of heaven, with the Rules for Members of
The Hampstead and District Scientific Society.
At the centre, hooded, an ungainly metal bird,
The telescope, stands on one leg whose foot is in the reservoir,
And whose crystal wings, the lenses, lie in a box upon the floor.

Two naked bulbs, one white, one red as a sanctuary lamp
Illuminate the place that is both shrine and precinct
Of all we know of heaven, and all we hope
Of death. A wooden step-ladder, commodious elevation,
Is the humble throne where we shall sit and peer,
Battering our eyes against the dark-leafed lattices
Of space, hoping to find a peep-hole in the leaves, some
Cranny, crack or needle-eye through which our lesser, grosser sight

May magnify itself by proper contemplation, and
Clarify itself by vision that must be a kind of faith
To comprehend what is incomprehensibly
Apparent to our eyes, that do not fail to see, yet do not see.

A piece of window-cord, performing on a rusty pulley,
Drags back unwillingly a panel in the dome, and suddenly
We are aware that night has fallen, black and luminous,
And hear faint callings from the world outside. But what are these
Few stars that looked at us before we looked on them,
This constellation that will shine upon us still
When we have looked away, and we have looked away
For ever? These are the six bright stars the ancients called
The Swan, flying with long neck outstretched
And wings spread, into Serpentarius. It comforts us to think
They are a swan, a fortunate omen. Though in our scientific frame
Of mind, we acknowledge no such heresy, a childish game.

And now, with a painful grinding far removed
From the mysterious and silent dancing of the spheres,
The dome's ramshackle roof revolves and rumbles
Until the open slot contains the moon's
First quarter. 'This', we are told,
'Is the most convenient time to view, provided she
Is not too low, the moon's topography'.
The lens is fitted. Upon the steps
Tottering summit, we pause, preparing to apply an eye.
(But which one? For the first time we find an embarrassment of choice.
We choose the left, we know not why.)
Magnified forty times, the moon is closer certainly: but with inverted
mimicry

Presents herself the wrong way round, which is the normal thing,
So we are told, and should not militate against belief. So there,
Suspending disbelief, she is. The moon. When we have observed
The knife-sharp outline of the crescent
And speculated on the space behind, we feel a little
Taken in. But now a stronger lens, which magnifies
More than two hundred times, precipitates
A nasty shock—here we are almost too
Close for comfort to this old peeled wall that fills the sky
With white, blistered, stained and crumbling plaster, and appears
About to fall; so we look for light relief to where blackness covers
Horror: the Lake of Sleep, the Marsh of Death, the Sea of Showers.

But we cannot long resist the sight of actual things: the walled
Plains, cliffs, wrecked craters, Endymion and Atlas,
Eudoxus, Aristoteles, and that range of mountains
Named the Caucasus, that spill like heaps of broken glass
Into the outer dark. Here too are the craters of Theophilus
And Catharina, rings of crusted starch. 'You will not see tonight
The giant crater of Copernicus, nor yet the Leibnitz mountains
Whose highest crest, of over thirty thousand feet, the moon's
South Pole, the sun never sets on, and which therefore
Has been called the Mountain of Everlasting Light'. But what is
Everlasting? It is of course a purely relative term. We must not forget
That eternity can not be accurately measured yet.

As any sea-watcher's window follows the ocean-going sail,
So the telescope must travel with the speed of stars, which is

The earth's, trailing the ship of space. 'If for a moment
I arrest the mechanism that controls its movement
You will feel earth turning as she goes from star to star'.
We look, and watch Antares slowly glide away,
A twin body, that appears to link and part: a green light
And a crimson, two hearts that throb like one. A cloud eclipses them.
'If you will allow me, I shall seize this nebulous occasion
To wind the clockwork of the telescope. The declination axis . . .'
The bird begins to croak. Byzantium itself brought no such song to
birth.

Head still in clouds, our sea-legs stagger on the solid earth.

But scarcely have we breathed, noting the mechanics of the song,
And the indifferent clouds that never move *behind* the stars,
A voice from the telescope like an oracle proclaims:

'I've got you Saturn clearly in a break
Of cloud. Now nip up quickly before he's gone'. Shins barked,
We look out on a leaning, brilliant ball with tilted rings
Of black and blazing dust, hung in a dizzy void, a dream
Of falling. 'Well, you are seeing the planet Saturn now

In the same phase, approximately, as
Galileo first observed him in, nearly four hundred years ago'.
We drop through clouds and into dark that drops with us.
The rare stars do not move, but seem to dangle in the wind.

How safe the moon appears, how close and still! We make a last
Inspection of that visage that is featureless with meaning,
But cannot read its gaze. The thin grey clouds like smoke
Or water drift across its barren glare, and then,
Waving among the clouds like schools of fish,
Obscure shadows come, and weave and thicken. These
Are the leaves of the highest treetops, for the moon is low,
And now appears to roll and drown in moving, silent shades
Which cover and uncover, cover patiently and mournfully
With veil on veil of foliage at the bottom of a well of glass
Her foundering world. They cover too the world of men
Whose labouring heaven founders now, as if never to rise again . . .

JAMES KIRKUP

—Third Programme

Myth or Legend?

The Druids and Stonehenge

By STUART PIGGOTT

OF course, Stonehenge is neither a myth nor a legend, nor are
Druids. Nothing could be more substantial than the
enormous stones set up on Salisbury Plain; nobody more
matter-of-fact (even to dullness) than Julius Caesar, who is
one of our main informants on the Druids. But legends have grown
up about both, and if myth is defined as a story based on pure imagination,
there has been considerable myth-making as well.

The legend of the Druids and Stonehenge is a learned one. It is
not one of those whose origins are lost in a vague past of folk-tale.
As far as it has ever been really a popular belief, it has become so
because of the adoption of out-of-date views by people attracted to
the ideas by their romantic appeal. What is so interesting about the
legend, in fact, is that we can see pretty well how and when it began,
and how it was built up
and elaborated later: this
is when the myths began.

The general form the
story takes would, I suppose,
be something like this. The Ancient Britons
had a priesthood called the
Druids: they were philosophers,
poets, and seers whose doctrines
are known in detail and contain
hints of higher things. They had
an elaborate series of ceremonial
observances and solemn ritual
which took place in the open air,
in circles of standing stones.
Of these Druid temples, so the
story goes, the greatest and most
magnificent is Stonehenge,
where particularly impressive
ceremonies were performed at
sunrise on Midsunxner Day,
when the rising sun first strikes
the altar stone. Some part of
the Druid doctrine has been
passed down to, or rediscovered
in, the present day, and the

modern Midsummer Day ceremony at Stonehenge represents a very
ancient tradition. There is an idea, too, that the Druids at Stonehenge
are connected with those of the Welsh Eisteddfod, both being the
modern representatives of an enlightened pre-Roman priesthood.

If I have given a fair idea of the current Druid legend (and I think
I have, on the whole), it contains the most fascinating mixture of real
fact, misunderstood fact, pure supposition, and a reckless jumping to
exciting conclusions. Let us examine it, bit by bit, and see what we
can make of it. And first, the Druids themselves. There is no doubt
about the Druids having had a real existence, and about their being
a pre-Roman, Celtic priesthood. What we know about them is derived
from the incidental, and always tantalisingly brief, mentions of them
by Greek and Roman writers from about 200 B.C. to A.D. 350 or 400,

and a very few inscriptions. The classical writers were not very interested
in the Druids, the priests of the barbarian Celts, unless they came up
against them in the way of business, as Caesar did in his Gaulish campaigns.
On the whole, and quite reasonably, they wrote about them not as anthropologists
or students of comparative religion, but rather as a colonial administrator
sixty or seventy years ago might have recorded a few of the more startling
facts about the witch-doctors and medicine men he had heard of or encountered
in Africa or the orient.

From this evidence, and by inference from what we know of other early religions,
we can sketch an outline picture of the Druids around the time of
Caesar or later. The Celtic peoples of Gaul and Britain seem to have



J. Allan Cash

shared a similar social structure, and some religious concepts, with other speakers of the Indo-European languages: society was divided into three main groups, the priesthood, the warrior-aristocracy, and the rest. You could be an aristocrat and a Druid, and during Caesar's campaigns in Gaul it was only natural that the Druids should form the centre of the resistance movement. Although they had no writing, the Celtic peoples possessed a considerable literature transmitted by word-of-mouth, and Caesar tells us that much of the novitiate's training for the priesthood was devoted to learning 'innumerable verses' by heart. This is the same as the strict Brahmin tradition of the present day.

There is no escaping from the fact that an important feature of Druid ritual was human sacrifice. This was more than the Romans, usually so tolerant in religious observances, could stand for, and the deliberate policy of stamping out Druidism within the Empire is wholly understandable on this count alone. The other ritual of which we know something is the gathering of the mistletoe from the oak (on which it so rarely grows), followed by the sacrifice of two white bulls.

I.O.U.s To Be Repaid in a Future Life

Of Druid doctrines, we know little except that they believed in some form of immortality, and in transmigration of souls; the Celtic belief in an after-life was so strong, indeed, that they would lend money on an I.O.U. to be repaid in the other world! But, by and large, there is nothing about the Druids or their religion which distinguishes them from other contemporary barbarian communities on the fringes of the classical world. But it should be said that no classical writer talks about Druid temples, except those which were mere clearings in the forest.

Druidism as a cult must have been exterminated during the Roman occupation of Britain, but something presumably lingered on in Ireland and perhaps elsewhere into early Christian times. The Welsh Eisteddfod was a medieval institution (the first we know of was in 1176) in which poets, singers, and musicians assembled. Druid ceremonies of the present kind seem to have been started in 1791 on Primrose Hill. They appeared in an Eisteddfod in 1819, in the garden of a Carmarthen pub. But more of this later.

Now for Stonehenge. I would remind you that it is a circular structure of simple, but by no means unaccomplished, architectural qualities. An outer peristyle, or circle of uprights with a continuous ring of lintels, encloses five huge trilithons, or three-stone structures, each of two uprights and a lintel, set like five symbolic gateways on a horseshoe plan. Inside the outer peristyle the planning, but not the upright-and-lintel systems, is repeated in smaller stones set in a circle and in a horseshoe. The bigger stones, making up the main structure, come from north Wiltshire some twenty-five miles away and are sarsens; the smaller are a mixture of igneous rocks from Pembrokeshire. The whole of these stone structures lie within a bank and a ditch set a long way out from it. There is a ceremonial approach leading to the monument, bounded by a pair of flanking banks and ditches, and in the course of this, near the entrance through the bank and ditch, is a single upright stone known as the Heel Stone. And this entrance and ceremonial approach point towards the Midsummer sunrise. There are other features and complications. Excavation has shown that Stonehenge is complex, built and altered over some centuries of time, just as, say, Canterbury Cathedral has been. The bank and ditch are part of the earliest monument, dating from round about 1700-1600 B.C. The stones (themselves representing more than one phase of construction) date from a century or two later. The date for the beginning of Stonehenge is supported by a radiocarbon reading as well as archaeological evidence; the date of the reconstruction receives new support from the recognition this summer of carvings of Bronze Age tools and weapons of specific types on some of the stones.

So Stonehenge is a monument of the middle of the second millennium B.C. But the Druids are the priesthood of the Celtic peoples a little around and before the beginning of the Christian era. No ancient tradition associates the two. How, then, did they come to be brought together in popular legend?

One of the most engaging characters of the later seventeenth century was John Aubrey, country gentleman, gossip, biographer, and antiquary, Fellow of the Royal Society—'an ingeniose Gent' in the phrase of his day. He discovered the great circles at Avebury and planned them; collected more details in the field and the study, and drafted a book on British field archaeology of which the main part dealt with stone circles such as Avebury, Stonehenge, Long Meg, and so on. No idea of a prehistoric time-scale existed then, of course—to make things pre-Roman was daring enough. Aubrey's classical education supplied the

Druids as a pre-Roman priesthood, and his field-work had revealed ceremonial structures of prehistoric date. He first put it forward—but only as a tentative suggestion—that the circles might be Druid temples.

But others were less cautious. William Stukeley, too, was an antiquarian field-worker, inspired by Aubrey's unpublished notes to carry on at Avebury, and to do more at Stonehenge, in the seventeen-twenties. But he enjoyed speculating beyond the bounds of his evidence, and as time went on theories took the place of facts, and the Druids had their propagandist. By the time of his death in 1765 the idea that Stonehenge and other Bronze Age stone circles were Druid temples had been enthusiastically adopted not only by antiquarians but by the intelligent public at large. Romanticism was in the air. Macpherson's *Ossian* concoctions, Gray's bardic poems, and those of Collins and Mason, even Blake's prophetic poems are not only in the full spirit of the times but at times explicitly develop the Druid myth—for surely it is a myth by now, this noble and enlightened band of ancient philosophers. The Ancient Order of Druids, the origin of the modern benefit society, was founded in 1781 as a more mysterious and less beneficial institution, and as we have seen, the Welshman, Iolo Morganwg, had the bright idea of adding Druids to the Eisteddfod (and incidentally forging the documents to support his case).

The Druid story endeared itself to the popular mind and, as is always the case, general knowledge inevitably lags behind development in the fields of scholarship and perpetuates views long ago discarded by those best qualified to judge. It must be admitted, too, that the Druids are, in their legendary form, most satisfactorily picturesque. It is hard doctrine for the non-archaeologist to accept that we do not know what sort of religion lay behind the building of Stonehenge, nor what ceremonies were performed there. It is harder too when you add that such things just cannot be discovered by archaeological means, however much techniques may be refined and elaborated, but only by the medium of the historical documents which in the nature of things are non-existent for the period and monuments in question. One can hardly wonder at people turning from this rather bleak prospect, and preferring to think in terms of Druids and Bards and Ovates proclaiming noble (if vague) doctrines of high import and prehistoric ancestry at Stonehenge on Midsummer morning or at the Eisteddfod wearing robes of office designed by the Victorian artist Hubert von Herkomer.

What has happened is, as I said earlier on, an intriguing mixture of fact and fantasy. Druids and Stonehenge are real enough aspects of archaeology, Celtic religion and ceremonial sites of the second millennium B.C. are both rewarding subjects for study, but no connection between the two can be shown to have existed. Stonehenge was already an ancient monument by the time we first hear of Druids. And the Druids, in the form in which the public knows them today, are a picturesque invention of the Romantic Movement. If any bold spirit among them were to try to make a return to primitive doctrine and ritual as recorded in our only authorities, the classical writers, the results would certainly be front-page news, but their performance would be as rapidly and forcibly curbed as in the days of the Roman Empire.—*Home Service*

Chapel Outing

The clouds like blurred, black barges drift upon
A smooth expanse of oceanic sky.

The train curves like an iron snake that glides
With glass scales populous with children's eyes.

The cows like painted clockwork stand on fields
And mildly watch the wild wind as it urges
The trees to panic greenly down the line—
Behind the train, beyond the deep-sea surges.

The children lean from windows and perceive
Sun-scraping sky with basements in the sea,
A town that shuffles close, and then a beach
Pursued by waves that fall down wearily.

The town stands still. A station halts the train.
The platform spreads its carpet of stone grey—
Allows the children run where they may see
The great waves foaming handkerchiefs of spray.

ROYSTON BURNETT

Letters to the Editor

Prospect of Britain

Sir,—There are practical consequences of Mr. Salmon's talk (*THE LISTENER*, December 17) which Mrs. Winter has ignored. It is true that, as far as industry is concerned, the view that men work primarily, if not wholly, for individual monetary gain has been accepted. For this reason most of the productive work carried out in industry is done on payment-by-results systems: a tendency which has been growing steadily since the nineteenth century. The post-war production drive was seen by many industrialists mainly as a problem of the extension of financial incentive schemes. Traditionally the trade unions have been opposed to 'piece-work', and are using their right not to operate such systems as a weapon in their present dispute. This fact itself may be quoted as an argument for the effectiveness of such methods, but a relationship between incentives and production is not the same thing as achieving maximum production.

That optimum production does not necessarily arise from the application of financial incentive systems is realised by all those with practical knowledge of their functioning. In most workshops the bonus earnings are not expected to exceed a certain amount, and jobs are often kept 'under the bench' waiting until sufficient time has been booked against them. 'Bull weeks' and other periodic production efforts are further evidence of normally unrealised production potential. Would anyone be bold enough to claim that piece-work systems in the building industry (the latest recruit to incentives) has made any significant contribution to the productivity of that industry? The confusion lies between the use of financial incentives for rewarding labour and their use as a means of getting maximum production, for these aspects often conflict. In most industrial situations there is a social level fixed to earnings which is partly determined by factors outside industry and partly by the particular relations situation. What is not generally realised is that, by its reliance on financial incentives, management has abandoned its responsibility for production. A sufficiently large carrot is displayed and it is hoped and believed that the donkey will strain every nerve to get it. If the donkey is not so inclined, then production suffers accordingly.

The belief that men work solely to maximise their incomes is a particularly limited view of human nature that will not stand a moment's serious examination. At the subsistence level it has a partial validity which falls off as one moves away from that level. The further we develop the welfare state the less will we be able to rely on the direct monetary incentive alone as a means of securing maximum production. For the time is soon reached when men buy leisure (which in industry we call 'absenteeism'), and the logic of diminishing returns begins to operate in this field as in others. This simple view of incentives will not help us to solve modern industrial problems, and Mr. Salmon is to be congratulated on raising a number of pertinent questions for industry. Industrial management needs to do a lot of hard thinking about non-financial incentives, as well as the most effective use of existing financial schemes.—Yours, etc.,

Manchester

THOMAS B. WARD

Human Nature in Politics

Sir,—Mr. Trevor-Roper, in his talk on 'Human Nature in Politics' (*THE LISTENER*, December 10), makes a remark which reveals an astounding ignorance of French history for

one who professes to teach history. He writes that 'Marx, in the form of the June revolution, and Rousseau, in the form of the Third Empire, were enabled to bedevil, for a period, the development of France'.

Apart from the fact that there has never been a 'Third Empire' in French history, does he really believe that Marx or Marxism had a leading part in the 'June Days', or that the Bonapartist regime can fairly be regarded as an embodiment of the philosophy of Rousseau? If so, there can be little wonder that he thinks 'much too much' has been made of Rousseau and Marx! Philosophers, whether empiricist or not, can hardly draw reliable conclusions from such grotesque misstatements of fact.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

DAVID THOMSON

Sir,—If there be a palm awarded for the art of contemptuous dismissal in polemics, perhaps it should go to Mr. Trevor-Roper for the final sentence in the last complete paragraph on page 994, in *THE LISTENER* of December 10. Arguing against general theories of history, he quotes Benda's view that these are based on 'ridiculously few examples'; and goes on to say 'This seems to me a fair criticism, and one, incidentally, that goes for Spengler and Toynbee, too'. No doubt a Third Programme broadcast counts as a popular statement, justifying some exuberance of expression; but the sentence I have quoted seems very unfair to Toynbee.

As a non-historian, I have enjoyed the advantages of reading *A Study in History* quite recently, and without being professionally committed to doing so. The overwhelming impression it made was of instance being piled on instance, to justify not only his general theory, but each detail. No doubt many of these instances could be criticised by a professional historian, but in common justice his theory should have escaped this purely numerical criticism. It is as if someone were to say that Gibbon was a minor historian, because he had only written one historical work of any importance!—Yours, etc.,

University of Manchester D. A. K. BLACK

Bruckner's Symphonic Style

Sir,—Since Mr. Pirie has misread my article so thoroughly, perhaps he will misread my reply to his letter. However, there are readers who will not. Let me take his points in turn.

(1) I did not say that music is 'specifically illogical', but that 'there are times when an honest gap in the process is more effective than all the most smoothly contrived joinery imaginable'. If in any case Mr. Pirie would care to prove that music is logical (within the accepted meaning of logic) he is welcome to try. My statement just quoted does not, by the wildest stretch of even Mr. Pirie's imagination, infer that Bruckner is 'preferable' to composers like Mozart and Sibelius (what an odd pair!).

(2) Bruckner never said that his symphonies were in sonata style. His use of the term 'symphony' does not limit him to sonata form which he can use when he wishes (Sixth Symphony, slow movement, Eighth Symphony, first movement, and most of the scherzi, to quote three outstanding examples). Many of his movements are evolved on quite different principles, and to try to analyse them in the light of sonata style is to produce serious misunderstandings.

(3) It is as reasonable to suggest that Bruckner's music is at its best in buildings with resonant acoustics as to say the same of, say, Gabrieli's *Sonata pian e forte*. This suggestion

recognises a special limitation in the music without injustice, and is in no sense a 'shameless defence of organ-loft orchestration'. There is no orchestration in a silent pause. Moreover, Bruckner's music is, according even to Tovey (who criticised him harshly at times), 'completely free from the mistakes of the organ-loft composer'. Mr. Pirie's mention of Franck is hopelessly irrelevant.

(4) Tonality: Mr. Pirie has evidently studied carefully neither Wagner's nor Bruckner's use of this element. In *Music Review*, August 1947, I have thoroughly analysed the Seventh Symphony. If Mr. Pirie would do me the honour of examining this and attempting to grasp the principle on which the first movement is based, he may then like to find in Wagner a complete structure made by even remotely similar means. If he can do this, he is a magician—and a still greater one if he can substantiate his claim that 'it has innumerable historical precedents reaching back to the beginnings of classical tonality'.

(5) My article was intended to convey no more than that Bruckner is an imaginative and original genius who is far more often masterly than is usually supposed. He was not the only composer who spent years polishing his works. Beethoven did this, too, in his own way. That Bruckner allowed his colleagues to hack his music about is no proof that he was not a great composer, and I was careful to indicate that he preserved his original scores (each the result of years of hard thought and work) 'for fifty years' time'.

Mr. Pirie was careful not to quote my actual text in his letter. He has put in his own words what he imagines me to have said. This has clearly upset him a little.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.10

ROBERT SIMPSON

A King of the Air

Sir,—In *THE LISTENER* of December 17, Mr. A. E. Slater of Dunstable takes me to task over my remarks about the buzzard's flight in the course of a talk in the 'Open Air' series.

He says that I 'seem surprised' that buzzards appear not to make any effort with their wings when circling and climbing. In actual fact I expressed no such surprise, as Mr. Slater should have noted had he read my extract from my talk with any care. I simply paid a tribute to the beauty and grace of the buzzard's aerial evolutions—a justifiable tribute, surely!

The scientific explanation of these movements does not seem to me to lessen their beauty which was the sole reason for my original remark.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

MAXWELL KNIGHT

'That Great Luminary of Architecture'

Sir,—The façade of the York Assembly Rooms which you chose to illustrate my talk on Lord Burlington, published in *THE LISTENER* of December 24, is not the one designed by the Earl. It was erected by Messrs. Pritchard after 1828 when it was found that the original front with its jutting-out porch had become a hindrance to traffic.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

R. WITTKOWER

[We regret this error.—EDITOR, *THE LISTENER*]

A Great Actor-Manager

Sir,—Beerbohm is not the Dutch for pear-tree which in Dutch is *pereboom*. Beerbohm is originally the German name Bierbaum (there is a well-known German poet of that name). Baum in German means tree.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W. 3

S. VAN DEN BERGH

The Runcible Man

HONOR TRACY on Edward Lear

IT does come as a bit of a shock to find that Mr. Edward Lear was not always entirely practical. For one thing it upsets, or demands reconsideration of, a theory of mine which I was going to develop in several volumes, thereby both establishing myself as a scholar and—better still—refuting that established scholar, Doktor Horstkraut Schwamm. This theory is, or was, that when Mr. Lear chose to remain a bachelor a wonderfully runcible husband was lost to the world. Now, in *Teapots and Quails*,* the new collection of nonsenses, comes startling evidence to show that Mr. Lear could after all be as vague and irruncible as the rest of his sex. The first of his two drawings is splendid: there he goes with Polly and the Pussey-bite to buy a Numbrella, because it began to rain. It is a move as judicious as it is appropriate. They purchase three umbrellas—no mean item, even in 1866—but when they proceed on their way, it is distressing to note that whereas the rain is driving steadily forward, the umbrellas are gaily and nonchalantly tilted back, affording no protection whatever: it is just so much money down the drain.

A weak link thus appears in a chain of particularly close reasoning. Happily, Schwamm has not tumbled to it so far. He is much too busy at present, and will be for months to come, analysing the affinity between Mr. Lear and André Breton. That sonnet on the final page of this new book which begins:

Cold are the crabs that crawl on yonder hills,
Colder the cucumbers that grow beneath,
And colder still the brazen chops that wreathe
The tedious gloom of philosophic pills!

—this naturally has given him a new lease of life. At the end of the second line he was already whimpering with delight and by the time he reached 'the ample bowls of demons and of men' he was in full cry. He telephones a good deal these days, to draw attention to the finer points:

A pea green gamut on a distant plain
When wily walruses in congress meet—
Such such is life—

'A pea green gamut! Who but Edward Lear would have thought of a pea green gamut?' he chortles: and, 'Notice the subtle music of the three successive Ws—ven vily valruses . . . kolossal!' And even when these fourteen short lines have yielded up their last drops of honey, it may still be possible to fend him off a while longer. Take this little verse:

Lobsters and owls,
Scissors and fowls,
Set him a howling,
And hark how he howls!

Surely, to one of Schwamm's perception, there's an echo here? Did not this simple, homely conception come to its full majestic flowering in Bishop Blougram's Apology?—

Just when you're safest, there's a sunset touch
A fancy from a flowerbell, someone's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides
And that's enough

Indubitably: provided, of course, that Brown-ing's poem was written later, and not earlier, than Mr. Lear's. It is a point that Schwamm should check.

But sooner or later his thesis will be written, and perhaps even published, and we may then expect an all-out attack on the runcibility of Mr. Lear. For this reason I want to put my

oar in now: this is the only theory about Mr. Lear I ever had, and I shall not let it go without a struggle. Everyone else seems to have his own pet notion: for example, Mr. Philip Hofer, who contributes a sensitive foreword, believes that he may be Important. Mr. Hofer is an American and his views therefore would be deeply interesting to us even if they were not so original. The importance of Mr. Lear for him is not so much in what he did, though this is conceded to have merit, as in what he helped to make possible. 'We may', thinks Mr. Hofer, 'increasingly acclaim him a pioneer in simplified sophistication: a

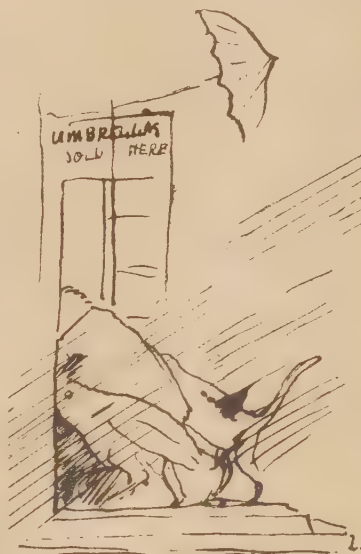
witty, perhaps unconscious, inspirer of artistic "double-talk". If so, he is important, for these qualities promise to remain a feature of our newspaper, magazine and poster art for many years to come'. In other words, Mr. Lear, steadily and with the sure instinct of genius, was paving the way for *The New Yorker*: and if that is not a Thought for the Week, perhaps you will tell me what is.

To resume: Mr. Lear's superbly domestic qualities emerge in the *Sicilian Notebook*, particularly where Proby and he regale thankfully on dead flies. Many of us will have eaten dead flies in Sicily, but who ever served them up to us with such grace, such exquisite finish? ladling them with so elegant a spoon from so fine a glass bowl into so shapely a cup? It is little touches like these which reveal the true home-maker. Consider, again, his cookery recipes. They are something on the lavish side, it is true: few housewives nowadays could spare four whole quires of foolscap paper for one dish, least of all for a dish that, as Mr. Lear indicates, is unlikely to be successful. Yet when all is said and done, what a model receipt is this, for making Gosky patties! How beautiful is the blending of imagination, common sense and—rarest of all things in a cook—honesty! 'Visit the paste and beat the Pig alternately for some days', runs the instruction, 'and ascertain if at the end of that period the whole is about to turn into

Gosky patties. If it does not, then it never will; and in that case the Pig may be let loose, and the whole process may be considered as finished'.

Escoffier never put his cards on the table in that forthright manner. Take also the illuminating last line of the recipe for Amblongusses: 'Serve up in a clean dish, and throw the whole out of the window as fast as possible'. On reflection we perceive that it is the best—and indeed the only—thing to be done; although it may be doubted if we should have hit on the idea ourselves—not after using all that beef, all those oysters. But that is Mr. Lear for you. Like all the best cooks, he knows when to be frugal and when extravagant. The mince for the Crumbobblious cutlets must be hastily brushed with a new clothes-brush: notice the attention to detail, another mark of the veritable chef; but he leaves it to our private judgment whether we use a salt-spoon or a soup-ladle, as long as we remember to stir rapidly and capriciously.

It would have been perfectly safe, then, to leave Mr. Lear in the kitchen making lunch while his fortunate wife sat in the parlour and listened to Alfred, Lord Tennyson. But his gifts by no means ended there: he scored more highly still in his appreciation of what nowadays is known as the 'woman's angle'. It may be doubted if in the whole troublous history of marriage a finer, more sensitive proposal has been made than that of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo to the Lady Jingly Jones:



Mr. Lear, the Polly, and the Pussey-bite go into a shop to buy a Numbrella because it began to rain



Mr. Lear, the Polly, and the Pussey-bite having purchased umbrellas, proceed on their walk

* Edited by A. Davidson and P. Hofer. Murray. 12s. 6d.

On this coast of Coromandel,
Shrimps and watercresses grow,
Prawns are plentiful and cheap,
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
You shall have my chairs and candle,
And my jug without a handle,
Gaze upon the rolling deep
(Fish is plentiful and cheap)
As the sea, my love is deep!
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo,
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

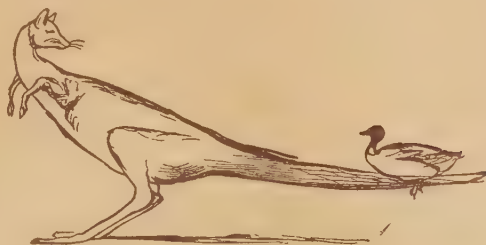
In these words we find all the grace and humility of true love, along with an accurate estimation—as the Irish would say—of the length of a woman's foot. A man of coarser fibre would have started with the declaration that as the sea, his love was deep, and the material inducement of the cheap and plentiful prawns would have been shamefacedly appended afterwards. Mr. Lear in the person of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo humbly recognises that first things come first, particularly with ladies: hence the prawns are his opening gambit, followed by the reckless offer of all his worldly possessions—and the jug without a handle must have been infinitely precious to him, otherwise he would have thrown it away when the handle first came off—and this offer in turn is supported and driven home by a reiterated statement concerning the fish supply: and then, only then, he mentions his personal feelings, relegating them to their properly minor place.

Instance after instance occurs of this delicate understanding, this negligence of self, this lively awareness of the point of view and the needs of the other person. The Kangaroo objects at first to the Duck's proposal to accompany him round the world seated on the end of his tail: he fears that her wet feet may give him the rheumatism. Does the Duck take umbrage in a middle-class sort of way at this? Does she fretfully remark, 'O, very well if he feels like that of course there is no more to be said'? Does she flounce out of the pond with her supper on a tray? Not at all.

Said the Duck, 'As I sate on the rocks,
I have thought that over completely,
And I bought four pair of worsted socks,
Which fit my web-feet neatly.
And to keep out the cold I've bought a cloak
And every day a cigar I'll smoke
All to follow my own dear true
Love of a Kangaroo'.

Nothing is too much for her, you see, either in the way of trouble or expense: nor does she wait for the Kangaroo to mention the snags but herself considers, beforehand, how best she may spare him pain and anxiety. Schwamm, of course, with his retarded opinions concerning the relationship of the sexes, would say she did only what any Duck in her position ought to do. But I believe he would be as wrong here as everywhere else. I am convinced that if it had been Mr. Lear who was circling the globe on the tail of a Kangaroo, and that one a female, he too would have done all in his power to avoid inconveniencing her.

And there was another quality in him as well that would make for a runcible marriage: he was never the dupe of appearances. Oddity, incongruity, dismayed him not in the least, for his eye pierced the outer veil. Of all the various kinds of snobbery surely the most pitiful, the most odious, is that which requires of a partner conventional good looks or conformity with orthodox physical standards. It is tragic indeed to think how many potentially felicitous unions may never have come about because one of the couple, let us say, had two heads or some such trifling flaw. Mr. Lear was above all that. We can imagine that when the Owl and the Pussy-Cat first took to keeping company their families had something to say. To one side the marriage must have seemed unworthy of cats, to the other, quite beneath owls. The neighbours, too,



The Duck and the Kangaroo

must have been trying, with their 'Mark my words, it will end in grief', and their 'All very fine, but what I always say, it's rough on the children'. Perceiving, however, the deeper harmonies underlying the irrelevance of feather and fur, Mr. Lear egged them on: in no time at all they danced by the light of the moon without a care in the world. And their children were the wonder of all who saw them.

It would seem that Mr. Lear was alive to the terrible waste of all these talents and dispositions of his. Within a few years of his death we find him still trying to bring himself to end his solitary state: and in his poem 'The Two Old Bachelors' he is as scathing as he ever could be. Line by line it builds up to a really savage indictment.

On the face of it he might almost be going too far. It seems well-nigh incredible that two grown men should have supposed sage and onions to be an acceptable stuffing for Mouse: still more so, that having failed to procure the right sort of sage, they should have fastened on the ancient Sage, reading his perplexing page, as a substitute. But if we think it over we see that there is no real exaggeration. We can cap Mr. Lear with other bachelors we have known, all highly intellectual and cultivated and, indeed, contributors to a highly intellectual and cultivated weekly. What is really remarkable is the pent-up rage and frustration in Mr. Lear's attitude to them: the relish with which he depicts the ignominious outcome of their endeavours, and his gleeful consigning of them to final obscurity:

They left their home in silence by the once convivial door;
And from that hour those Bachelors were never heard of more.



'The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea ...'

Enough has now been said—more than enough, for all I know—to rough out the case for Mr. Lear as a runcible husband: and this despite the *contre-temps* with the wasted umbrellas. Later on, of course, it will be examined in far greater detail: no stone shall be left unturned, no source neglected, given

the interest and novelty of the theme, the frantic efforts of Schwamm to gainsay me and the fact that, after all, the whole thing is neither here nor there.—*Third Programme*

Appearing in a magazine, an article by G. K. Chesterton stands out, like the act of a clever comedian in a variety show. One notices his agility, his capacity for attacking his subject from the rear, his verbal legerdemain. But thirty-seven articles by Chesterton, Chesterton totally surrounded by Chesterton, as in this selection of his literary articles, *A Handful of Authors* (Sheed and Ward, 10s. 6d.), produce a very different impression. One is no longer impressed by the paradoxes. Arnold Bennett is said to have made of his stammer a very special instrument of wit. The stammer for all that was a limitation, an impediment in his speech. G. K. Chesterton suffered from an impediment in his mind. The paradox, which on his lips was beloved as a Chestertonianism, when repeated over and over again, becomes as irritating as a stammer. One can see his mind constricting, almost like the bunching of the muscles in the throat, and then out comes the paradox.

A generous and kindly critic, Chesterton was frequently defeated by the paradoxical convolutions of his brain. He could not think straight and in consequence he was forced to think in somersaults. At times his wit happened to fit with the facts. He remarks that Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear 'were both very good examples of the well-informed Englishman of the mid-Victorian time. And the chief mark of the well-informed Englishman of that time was that he was an ill-informed Englishman'. That is neat and near enough to facts to pass muster. But time and again we find him manoeuvring to deliver himself of an epigram ('Browning had literally a passion about ideas; an actual human appetite. Tennyson had not a passion about ideas, he had ideas about passion') and once the trick is seen, it ceases to surprise or delight. In this selection, Chesterton deals with writers as diverse as Ibsen, Blake, and Mark Twain; but the diversity is not apparent in the essays. They are all hidden by the sciagraphs of G.K.C.

Thin Man in the Moonlight

By SIR ARTHUR GRIMBLE

STOCKILY built officers in the Colonial Administrative Service enjoy a great advantage over thin ones. They are stable on their feet. The quality of not being easily knocked over is essential to anyone who wishes to maintain, come foul, come fair, the true bulldog look of a British empire-builder. It was a cause of constant embarrassment to me as a district officer in the Gilbert Islands that I lacked the right imperial physique: practically everything tripped me up. I often managed to look far-flung as a result, also bloody, but never unbowed. There was that night at Tarawa, for example . . .

I was sitting alone, one lovely moonlit evening, on the lagoon beach of my house, when a very comely young man rushed panting from the shadows of the coconut grove behind me and flung himself on the sand at my feet.

'Save me! Hide me!', he gasped, 'Oh . . . quickly! That woman! Hide me in the calaboose!'

I was less surprised at his request than you might think. Our island prisons, in those days, were about the only local buildings with locks to them. They were airy, comfortable places, too, and it was quite usual for any villager with an enemy out for his blood to come asking for temporary refuge behind their hospitable doors. I would have been ready to oblige this particular petitioner at once but for his wild manner. Gilbertese young men had not the habit of grovelling at one's feet for any normal kind of fear. I leapt to a hasty conclusion as he lay struggling for breath: he must be out of his mind; he must think he had seen some awful female demon somewhere among the trees. So I only said, as non-committally as I could, 'Sir, you shall be blest. Where do you come from?'

'From Bairiki', he replied. 'Hide me in the calaboose. Lock us both up. That woman is following us'. He laid hold of my ankles: 'We have sinned. Lock us up', he kept on pleading.

The village of Bairiki was four miles up-lagoon, across a tidal passage. It seemed, I said to him, a long way for a female demon to be chasing him and his friend, whoever that might be. And anyhow, being locked up in the calaboose might not give him the best protection from so active a spirit; so what about coming along to the hospital with me instead?

He sprang to his feet: 'No! No! That woman! She will find us in the hospital and kill us with her *akis*'.

A European axe did not equate well with a Gilbertese demon. I got up. But, before I could exercise my intelligence further, a high scream rang out from the beach-head and a young woman, naked but for a brief petticoat, came pelting down towards us. 'Quick! Quick! The calaboose!' she panted. 'She comes . . . that woman with her *akis*!' and hurled herself not, as you might have expected, into the young man's arms, but into mine.

She was small, but solid; I was tallish, but spidery: the impact knocked me flying, clutching at her as I fell. It struck me as the more unfortunate because I was wearing nothing but a loincloth myself.

As I rolled bosom to bosom with her on that moonlit strand, my mind worked with unusual speed. This, it told me, must be the other party to the young man's 'both of us'; she, therefore, was the person with whom he had sinned, and the woman chasing them with an axe was his wife. It followed that these intimate gambols which now

engaged me were not only in questionable taste for a married official but also, to an unnerving degree, perilous. I had no stomach for demon wives with axes, late at night, in nothing but a loincloth! I wrenched myself free, sprang up, and bolted for the safeties of my house and a pair of trousers.

They followed hard on my heels, imploring me at the top of their lungs not to abandon them. I ordered them, with no warmth, to wait on the verandah while I changed.

I felt better, buttoned up in my slacks, but I still did not fancy being involved like this, on behalf of a guilty couple, in a game of hide-and-seek with an outraged wife. However, I thought, there was the situation: if she really was out for murder, locking up this precious pair would be as much for her protection as theirs, while, if she was not . . . well . . . they had asked for it. So there was no discussion when I stepped out on to the verandah. I told them brusquely to follow me and led them in sombre silence through the amethyst glimmer of the coconut grove towards where the twin havens of the male and female lock-ups lay dreaming in the moonlight.

I set the pace at a rapid but stately stride. They crowded in a twittering huddle close up behind me, so engrossed in their fears that neither gave heed to my swinging heels. I do not know whose beastly foot it was that interfered with mine, a hundred yards or so from our goal, but, male or female, it was all one: my left toe suddenly found itself hooked round my right ankle; my trunk and upper members took an impulsive forward plunge; for the second time that night, I hurtled to the ground. The fact that I hurtled alone on this occasion added little to my pleasure.

I lay face down, shaken to the marrow, saying things into the roadway. Not even a sudden shriek of the girl's deflected my immediate attention to her. It was only when flying feet whipped past my head that I looked up, to see the pair of them racing hand in hand, deadly silent now, towards the prison.

What I felt most, as I sat up, was the need of a little more solitude. I should not have hurried my next move but for the cause of their flight, who now came into my ken. There she was, a female fiend, incredibly massive and bony, charging down on me, axe in hand, at hurricane speed. She was so close, there was not any real hope of getting out of her way; I should have lain down again, quickly; she might have tripped over me then and knocked herself silly. But I panicked and sprang up facing her. She crashed into me: I clung to her resistless bulk; we stood on our heads together for a while; then I found myself back again at the old game of rolypoly on the ground.

But within three seconds she had flung me off, leapt to her feet and rushed on, axe aloft, hooting like a siren, in chase of the fugitives. I sprinted after her, my thrice-rattled mind grappling with the new evidence. This demoniac middle-aged Atalanta could not possibly be the young man's wife. As for the girl, no angry husband was on her tracks. Therefore, whatever sin the two had sinned, it was not the crime I had assumed. I reached this flawless conclusion about thirty yards from the prison gates and six feet behind the huntress's heels, just as her quarry disappeared into the guard-house. Five seconds later, she flew in after them. I caused her to be air-borne myself, with deep



pleasure, by cleverly crossing her legs in the last tick of time. There were noises within before she emerged in the grip of two guards.

When at last she gave up fighting for her freedom we gathered a fact or two from her frothing flood of talk. She was the girl's mother, it seemed. The young couple were soon to be married; the law said they could be; she could not stop them; anyhow, it was high time they were, so she said. All that was bad enough, but, even at that, it did not amount to a matter of life and death. It was when they started spoiling her cook-house that life and death, according to her, came into the picture. She knew what to do about that, nobody better; there was not a finer cook in Tarawa; look at her puddings, for example—I could make no sense of it.

'Life and death? Your cook-house?'—I only managed to silence her by yelling as loud as I could.

'Yes! My cook-house', she bawled back: 'didn't you hear? My cook-house. Four times they spoiled it. Four times I have changed the place of the earth-oven. And now, tonight, they have poisoned it again'.

The whole population of the police lines, male and female, was gathered around by now. A groan of sympathy, evidently intended for her, burst from them at her last words. 'We hear, we hear', called a woman's voice. 'Continue: make everything clear, for we listen'. The men holding her arms dropped them and stood aside.

Placated by this show of fellow-feeling, she began to explain herself more quietly. As every decent housewife knew, she said, love-making was one of the things that the spirits of a Gilbertese earth-oven never could abide. The shame of it soured their stomachs, and the poisonous humours thus engendered inside them were infallibly communicated to every kind of food that came their way for cooking. But these two lovers, being Christian converts, called this nothing but wicked pagan nonsense, and, despite her every entreaty, went on and on making assignations in her kitchen.

'Alas, for shame!' wailed a score of horrified matrons, 'and what happened then?'

The inevitable had happened, she wailed back, bursting into tears. Her husband and aged father, who lived with them, had fallen ill:

they were afflicted day and night with the most painful and outrageous flatulence. And, if that was not enough in itself to break any woman's heart, there was their constant ill-temper, which they visited regularly upon herself. That very morning, they had thrashed her between them—taking turns at holding down and beating—until she was nearly dead. What then, she asked us, did we think had been her feelings tonight on finding this pair at it again?

Not a mere groan, but a roar of sympathy this time answered her. That was really, for her, the climax of the evening's drama: from then on, every one of us was with her, heart and head, for the pagan purity of her kitchen. There were speeches all round. I contributed a nice piece myself, to which the young man replied with suitable guarantees of amendment. Nobody had the ill grace to mention the axe, which lay behind me, where someone had thrown it, quietly winking at the moon. If anyone remembered it, I certainly did not when, at the end, the girl bowed herself before her mother and promised never, never again to enter the kitchen except for cooking. Deeply touched by the generosity of that high surrender and uplifted more than I can say by the pride and honour of my function as father and friend of all of them, I pronounced a short but beautiful little final benediction; drew myself up with lifted hand, every inch an empire builder; stepped a pace or two to the rear, thus posed, for my leave taking; tripped over the chopper, and threw a wild back somersault to the floor.

Unlike my three earlier performances, this one had an appreciative audience. It took about half an hour to restore decent order by the prisons. And even then, as I limped back alone to my house, I could hear that the three authors of my downfall (trudging homeward now, all happy together) had not yet forgotten it. I cannot say I felt really proud of my night's work; but the moonlight was so wonderful; and peace among men always was worth at least one bruised official behind; and somehow I could not manage to feel bitter about the laughter that came ringing through the trees, first clarion clear, then dwindling to silver chimes along the road to Bairiki, and dwindling again until there was no more of it, or them, or anything but sea-whispers and moonbeams in the aching stillness of the night.—*Home Service*

The Frustration of German Social Democracy

(continued from page 1108)

their vote at the expense of the United four-party government bloc which only just nosed them out of power. They polled, in fact, more votes than ever before in Hamburg. In neighbouring Hanover their Land government successfully beat off attempts to overset it by a reorganised opposition enheartened by the Federal election results. In Bonn, the party leaders decided to drop the chemical industry from their nationalisation programme. They began work on a coherent approach to the *Mittelstand*, or German middle-class. This was to be based on freedom of private initiative, guarantees against price-rings and cartels which are traditional parts of the German economic structure, patronage of the small business man in his private war against the big trusts.

Announcing that he did not pin all his hopes on a 'planned economy', party leader Ollenhauer outlined a ten-point programme for the opposition. Its novel features were the formation of a central 'party college', the foundation of a party periodical, the improvement of the socialist press and of the party's own information services. These features were to be developed by a party organisation imbued with new drive and enthusiasm.

Plenty, certainly, is being done. Plans for the party college, for instance, are being drawn up and it should be in existence by the summer. Ollenhauer and his advisers know that they failed to win over German youth in the Federal election. They know, too, that they are desperately short of young men who are not simply ready to enter politics but who are thoroughly schooled in socialist theory. Their intention is to collect 2,000 young people in one year. These people will all have done up to three weeks' intensive training in economics and civic affairs, and from among them a few hundreds of the more promising will be selected and put through six-month courses. They will be the advance-guard of the rejuvenated Social Democratic Party.

An all-out effort is also being made to improve the standards of the Social Democratic press. Their party papers mostly lack originality and finish. They have been worst hit of all by the huge growth of the

illustrateds, which now sell around 1,250,000 copies a day in a traditionally non-newspaper-minded country. Party press services are functioning more smoothly and with commendable promptitude. There is going to be no lack of punch in the Social Democratic campaign to win again the position held two years ago when the party was undoubtedly the strongest in western Germany.

It is not necessary to be a socialist in order to recognise the essential honesty and healthiness of many Social Democratic aims. They intend breaking, or at least shaking, that curious Rhineland and Bavarian tradition of the priesthood giving instructions to the flock as to how they should vote. On November 30, one of their spokesmen declared that they were as much a Christian party as the Christian Democrats, but that Christianity is not a party political issue. They intend keeping clipped, as far as they can, the power of the Ruhr barons who helped Hitler to supremacy. They will continue the wholesome process of emancipation of the working class from present-day totalitarian communism. Even if they fumble, they will go on looking for a formula for labour-relations and their experiment of workers' co-partnership is proving itself not in a spectacular way, perhaps, but as a simple means of bringing management and labour together and avoiding needless friction and needless use of the strike weapon.

The Social Democrats will speak up if they sense the danger of political reaction in Germany—by far the biggest internal danger which exists. They will speak up against the easily cynical, money-grubbing self-interest which threatens at the moment to take the place in the German mind of past notions of grandeur—and leave no room for any other emotion. The instinct of the party is sound, whatever its present failings in organisation and leadership. And the instinct of the simple people who support it is probably the most important plant in this democratic nursery garden. The German Social Democrats have a unique chance of finding the ideal synthesis between enlightened liberalism and the Marxian ethic. If they did this they would blaze a new trail for the world.—*Third Programme*

Art

Caravaggio: Naturalism Re-examined

By E. H. GOMBRICH

TO the nineteenth century Caravaggio was something of a bogeyman; he owed this sinister reputation to his early biographers who presented this violent genius as a dangerous subversive who cocked a snook at the ideals of Great Art. Such an aura of rebellion could not but commend the painter to our own age and so Caravaggio's fame as the anti-academic underdog has been mounting among art lovers till the new estimate of his stature led to the great one-man show at Milan in 1951. This exhibition, in its turn, stimulated much fruitful research (notably by Mr. Denis Mahon) among the pictures and documents. Roger Hinks' scholarly monograph*, the first of its kind in English, sets out the results of this research with admirable clarity and contributes its share to the discussion among specialists which is likely to remain in flux for many years to come.

Yet it is not only a book for the expert. Thanks to a neat separation into text and catalogue the layman will find it a useful introduction to an exciting and problematic artist. If he comes to Caravaggio for the first time he will perhaps feel a certain surprise as he looks through the ninety-six carefully printed plates: pictures of coquettish Roman urchins holding grapes or playing the lute, gypsies reading their fortunes to fops, card-players with a winking stage villain signalling to his accomplice how to cheat the pretty dupe, bearded saints with wrinkled brows, and dark, large canvases with gesticulating hangmen—all these seem strangely out of keeping with the tenets of modern criticism to which anecdote is taboo and 'photographic' and 'theatrical' are terms of abuse. Might Caravaggio owe some of his recent popularity to the fact that he allows a surreptitious enjoyment of these forbidden pleasures? Mr. Hinks would seem to suspect as much. 'It is only now, with the experience of cubism, expressionism, and surrealism behind us' (he writes) 'that we can begin to understand what realism is—and (still more important) what it is not. It is only now that we can see the work of a Caravaggio with detachment'.

To many readers this striving after detachment will appear the strength but also the weakness of Mr. Hinks' introduction. It serves him well where he has to recount the turbulent career of the painter-criminal; and his determination to disentangle fact from fiction results in a perfectly balanced section on the sources and growth of the Caravaggio 'legend'. He is perhaps less successful in his attempt to free himself of that legend when looking at the pictures. Sometimes his distrust of the artist's own naturalistic *pronunciamentos* tempts him to overshoot the mark; thus he is anxious to demonstrate that far from being a 'photographic' realist Caravaggio dressed up his models in Giorgionesque fancy costume—an idea that has meanwhile been disproved by S. M. Pearce (in the *Magazine of Art*). And while it is refreshing to find a critic who can point out faults of draughtsmanship and construction, may not some of the 'equivocations' to which he draws attention be due to that very programme of naturalism? After all

a snapshot also surprises us often with arms and legs sticking out from unexpected corners. However, it is in his treatment of what he rightly recognises to be a central problem of Caravaggio's art, of his religious outlook, that even Mr. Hinks allows the legend to colour his judgment. He says of Caravaggio's middle period that 'now and then he pulls himself together and paints those great theological machines which an unperceptive world has decided to call his masterpieces'. He even suggests that the large *Madonna del Rosario* was painted by the master

with his tongue in his cheek. In his lecture on the *Death of the Virgin*† he makes amends for this lapse by sketching in the religious background more carefully, but this makes it even clearer how much our understanding of this great religious painter would gain from a renewed investigation of the ecclesiastic affiliations and opinions of his patrons, friends, and opponents.

Whether Mr. Bernard Berenson would approve of such an investigation it is hard to say. He has harsh words to say‡ against those who use works of art merely as a springboard—but in the preface to this essay (of which an Italian translation came out three years ago) he announces disarmingly that 'about these paintings I shall allow myself to say anything that comes into my head'. One reminds him of a Japanese woodcut, others of Hebbel's *Judith*, Cocteau's *Jocasta* or 'an exquisitely satisfying liqueur'. But despite much qualified approval Caravaggio appears to him as a sensationalist cynic and the 'incongruities' of subject and form jar on his nerves. Perhaps this is the reason why he allowed the essay to culminate in (or should one say deteriorate into?) an ill-tempered outburst against a strange assortment of pet aversions. It may be salutary for a master of criticism to warn his weaker brethren of certain pitfalls such as the confusion of an artist's empirical person with his work, or of his historical importance with his artistic greatness. What is less salutary is that Mr. Berenson clouds the issue by an appeal to nationalist prejudice. He has invented the epithet of 'German-

minded' authors—'perhaps more numerous now in Anglo-Saxonia than in Germany'—for critics who see Caravaggio (or the world) in a light he disapproves of. The pity is that Mr. Berenson could have made a much more telling attack if he had troubled to formulate his criticism in terms of method. What he objects to is that Hegelian type of historical collectivism, as frequent in Italy and France as elsewhere, that elevates periods into entities and creates such figments as Baroque Man. Mr. Berenson is on safe ground when he ridicules this scholastic jargon, but he fails to see that it is he who inflates the importance of labels with his fulminations against the mere terms 'Baroque' and 'Mannerism'. Surely we cannot appeal to dictionaries to find out what they 'really' mean? For what about 'Gothic', or, for that matter, 'German-minded'? Let, then, scholastics worry about the question whether Caravaggio's Naturalism is baroque. For such cases are better settled in the good old Brains Trust fashion: 'It all depends what you mean by...'



The 'Madonna del Rosario', by Caravaggio
From 'Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio', by Roger Hinks

* Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio: His Life, His Legend, His Works. By Roger Hinks. Faber, 50s.

† Caravaggio's Death of the Virgin. By Roger Hinks. Oxford, 4s. 6d.

‡ Caravaggio, His Incongruity and his Fame. By Bernard Berenson. Chapman and Hall, 18s.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Story of England: Makers of the Realm. By Arthur Bryant. Collins. 16s.

WHILE MODESTLY DISCLAIMING any rivalry with his predecessors, Mr. Bryant has embarked on a popular history of England for his generation as 'J. R. Green wrote it for our grandfathers', and G. M. Trevelyan for our fathers'. He is to be heartily congratulated on the result. His book is extremely readable, well informed, and up to date. His judgments reflect nicely that blend of scholarship and *pietas* which should appeal to contemporaries. Mr. Bryant is well known as the biographer of Pepys and the chronicler of England in the Napoleonic period; this must be his first descent on medieval England. His freshness of style and approach are, perhaps, due in part to his having come to the period with only the preconceptions of a patriotic interest. He has 'formed himself', as one of his regency writers would have said, 'upon the best authors'. It is fascinating to discern beneath the flowing narrative the learning of Sir Frank and Lady Stenton, Sir Maurice Powicke, Professor Knowles, Mr. A. L. Poole, and other 'experts'. Here, if you like, is the justification of the writer of monographs, of the hybrid 'Oxford History', of the unreadable historical periodicals. This must be the consolation of the specialist who may feel slightly jarred by the absence of 'if and perhaps and but', or painfully dazzled by a clarity so brightly opposed to the dimmer nuances of 'pure' research. Mr. Bryant's first volume takes us down to 1272; two more are promised, which will be divided at 1707. This structure is itself original. It will be interesting to see how useful Mr. Bryant finds his scheme.

In this first volume there is not much that one would wish to see altered. There are, however, some matters which we may hope the author will reconsider in a second edition. His treatment of Richard I does that king some disservice: he was, it is true, stupid enough to go on a crusade; but his usual guile was widely admired by continental and oriental contemporaries and he was far from being the big-hearted soldier of the myth. Again, it would help to discriminate more sharply between feudalism and manorialism, along the lines indicated by Marc Bloch; and in this connection the final chapter on the English village is too static a picture of a rural society in rapid evolution. Constitutional developments in the narrow sense are well handled; but little is said about administration or the beginnings of those great series of public records which enable us to study the thirteenth century with a precision impossible in earlier periods.

A more fundamental criticism of the book lies in its slightly uncertain handling of parallel developments on the Continent. This is partly a question of sheer facts: the author underestimates the public authority of Saxon and Salian emperors, for instance; Gregory VII was above all a reformer rather than a 'caesaropapist' as here portrayed; the inspiration of St. Francis was *not* the challenge of heresy. But the trouble, in a sense, goes deeper than that. Wonderful and unique as is our island story, it is not the only way to moral or even political salvation. There are positive virtues about Roman Law of which our adherence to Common Law has deprived us. Our inventiveness in commerce and town life, in university activity, in provincial culture, have all been hindered rather

than helped by the sense of community described so well by Mr. Bryant. Above all, our relations with other peoples—with Welsh, Irish, Scots—have been bedevilled by the early development of strong monarchy. The excitement and satisfaction which Mr. Bryant cannot fail to rouse in his readers must not make them complacent. We are not a chosen people.

Collected Poems. By Charlotte Mew. Duckworth. 10s. 6d.

The frontispiece portrait shows a slight, middle-aged figure (it was about four feet ten inches in height), grey hair *en brosse*, clothed in the tailored jacket, white shirt, and floppy tie *de rigueur* for the advanced woman of the earlier part of the century. The arched brows add surprise to the light, puzzled eyes. From Mrs. Harold Monro's absorbing and model introductory memoir we learn that Charlotte Mew was born in 1869, lived most of her life in Gordon Street with her sister and widowed mother, was deeply attached to an old nurse and a parrot, and, at the age of fifty-eight, in a nursing home to which she had gone after a nervous collapse, committed suicide by drinking disinfectant. In her lifetime she had been quite well known for her short stories and had brought out a book of verse much admired by the better critics. After her death a volume was published containing the rest of her poetry, and the present collection consists of the contents of those two books, excellently arranged in several sections according to theme.

Charlotte Mew's verse will probably never be entirely disentangled from the tragi-comic circumstances of her life; her odd appearance, and her strong, neurotic personality. These must always tend to predispose numbers of readers in its favour, though it is itself heavily marked by the limitations of its period. That so often its setting and protagonists are rural (to be unkind, frequently mock-pastoral) though her experience was predominantly urban is characteristic more of her times than of Charlotte Mew. For, clearly, she had an original talent and the structure of her verse has a high professional finish. But overlaying most of it is a fictional veneer—she usually prefers to speak with the conventional voices of the prostitute with a soul, the boy shattered by his first erotic experience, or (in her most celebrated poem) the bewildered man of the soil who has married a girl 'shy as a leveret'. Only rarely does her verse report directly about her fascinating true self:

Sometimes in the over-heated house, but not
for long,
Smirking and speaking rather loud,
I see myself among the crowd,
Where no one fits the singer to his song . . .

Still, when all is said against it, the appearance of this book is far more than a pious gesture. Charlotte Mew's accomplishment must be admired even when it is employed in a *genre* that now seems unreal and sentimental. She manages her narratives with immense skill; her long, irregular but taut lines were a brilliant technical discovery; and she is constantly finding, without strain, language equal to the intensity of her feeling. Here, for example, is the start of 'The Fête':

To-night again the moon's white mat
Stretches across the dormitory floor . . .
and the end of 'In Nunhead Cemetery':
To-morrow I will tell you about the eyes of the
Crystal Palace train

Looking down on us, and you will laugh and I
shall see what you see again.

Not here, not now. We said 'Not yet
Across our low stone parapet

Will the quick shadows of the sparrows fall?'

Charlotte Mew had, in fact, with her diction, gone half way to solving the problem of how to break away from the artificial traditions of the end of the last century. She lacked the final strength of a Hopkins or an Emily Dickinson to believe completely in standards divorced from the ordinary literary expression of her age.

Dr. Arnold of Rugby By Norman Wymer. Hale. 21s.

Of all the great Victorians Dr. Arnold is perhaps the most elusive—the least recognisable to us looking back across the 111 years which divide us from his death. His *Life and Correspondence*, published two years after his death by one of his favourite pupils (Dean Stanley), is a panegyric and much of the correspondence is difficult for the twentieth-century reader, who will find himself swiftly entangled in all manner of long-dead dogmas and refinements of the Divinity Schools. Strachey's chapter in *Eminent Victorians* on Arnold is perhaps the most masterly of the four in its writing, but the one which shows most clearly the great gulf of misunderstanding yawning between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Mr. Wymer now succeeds in bringing Arnold to life as a human being, but the book leaves the enquiring reader vaguely unsatisfied on the deeper aspects of the Doctor's mind and of his standing in the great religious tussles of those times.

Dr. Arnold was infinitely less forbidding than might be supposed from a cursory reading of Strachey. Mr. Wymer, who has based his book on important unpublished sources belonging to the Arnold family, shows that Arnold was infinitely gayer and more human than is generally believed. Was he not discovered playing five card low in Chambers when he was a boy at Winchester? And when the offer of Rugby came, the point which weighed with him was the end of the carefree life which he so greatly enjoyed at Lalsham where he kept a tutoring establishment. To a friend he wrote 'when I could no more bathe in the clear Thames nor wear old coats and Russia Duck trousers, nor hang on a gallows, nor climb a pole, I grieve to think of the possibility of a change'. With his children he was delightful and the familiar lines of his son's superb poem 'Rugby Chapel' are in part based on recollections of childhood walks with him up the lake hills.

Arnold had a far shrewder understanding of human nature than most of his contemporaries in the teaching world, and this in part explains the phenomenal success of his fifteen years at Rugby. He arrived to find the school in the grip of an icy discipline; one of the masters remarked to him that 'the boys were the excrescences of pond life'. The boys slept in communal beds holding six, though some parents paid four guineas a term extra for single beds or half that fee for a double bed. Arnold insisted that every boy should have a single bed without charge to his family. Perhaps the success of his rule really lay both in stamping out abuses and in trusting the boys. From 1829 onwards he and the senior boys met from time to time, almost as equals, to consider ways of improving the school. He caused a flag to be flown close to his study—a signal that any boy could come to him for a talk. One of the best accounts of

Arnold as headmaster lies in the article on him in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, though it would not appear to have been consulted by Mr. Wymer. The article was compiled by Theodore Walrond—the head of the school when Arnold died. The author here suggests that part of Arnold's hold over boys is explained by his extraordinary sense of the reality of the invisible world. Like some teachers who have the gift of kindling a boy's imagination for mathematics or the classics he had the gift of making Christianity alive. The puzzled look on his face—a point laboured by Strachey—is possibly explained by the fact that in spite of this gift he was not really in sympathy with the orthodox churchmen of his time. For example the Archbishop of Canterbury objected to Bishop Stanley's choice of Arnold to preach the sermon at Stanley's consecration to the See of Norwich. Not until the last two years of his life were his merits, his achievements, and the broad sweep of his character recognised by his contemporaries, and Mr. Wymer has done much to recall his astonishing character to the recollection of the twentieth century.

Etching and Engraving Technique and the Modern Trend. By J. Buckland-Wright. Studio. 30s.

This is a remarkable book, so alien is it to the hitherto normal traditions of engraving and etching. Both arts have been too much disregarded during the last two decades, possibly in reaction to their unbalanced popularity in the preceding period. That very popularity had the unfortunate result of encouraging second rate artists to practice and exhibit when sales exceeded their deserts.

It is gratifying to realise that Mr. Buckland-Wright's work, and another recent book by Mr. W. M. Ivins, sometime Keeper of the Prints in the Metropolitan Museum of New York (*Prints and Visual Communication*) are undoubtedly contributing towards a truer balance of the place of engraving among the arts. Mr. Ivins stressed the importance of engraving in the dissemination of knowledge, providing, by its multiplication of design, a basis for comparison of material without which progress was obstructed until photography appeared on the scene. The great works of engraving, in their independence from paintings, and in the special qualities of their line, must always hold a place of their own, and deserve the appreciation of collectors, which has lately been so sadly lacking. In the progress of photography and photo-mechanical processes lay the chief danger to the continued advancement of engraving as an art which possesses unique qualities for original expression. That danger was at its highest while the artist was content with an unimaginative approach, and a preference for the reproduction of natural objects as nearly as possible as they are. The present book has a considerable chance of helping to revive the interest of younger students in the art, especially as it is presented to them under the aegis of the instructor in engraving at the Slade School.

A solid basis to the work is offered by the description of the various kinds of engraving (used here as a generic term), and an immediate inspiration in the number and variety of the reproductions. To one who is chiefly immersed in the study of the older masters and traditional expression, the series of plates comes as something of a shock, but that is no doubt all to the good, when one sees the germs of new and vital modes. Opportunity to compare with the old masters is given and various reproductions from the fifteenth century onwards, but this is rightly a side issue to the presentation of the new. Nearest to the main line of tradition are the plates or blocks by Segonzac,

Sickert, Camille Pissarro, Eric Gill, and Buckland-Wright himself, who shows a great sense of dignity in his 'Three Bathers'. Progress may still continue along such lines, rather than in the wake of abstract linear compositions, though some of the latter display beauty of line and texture, which from Picasso onwards owes much to S. W. Hayter.

Altogether a book of great interest and value, and well produced, if one can discount the small type which has given your reviewer pain.

The Nazarene Gospel Restored

By Robert Graves and Joshua Podro. Cassell. 63s.

For more than a century the documents of the New Testament and their contents have been subjected to the most intensive critical examination by highly trained experts in an intricate department of investigation, and while many problems await solution there is general agreement about the more assured results in this field. It is, therefore, not a little staggering to encounter a volume by two authors who do not hesitate to describe themselves as 'amateurs or irregulars' and yet who claim to have proved that 'the four Gospels so far from being original lives of Jesus, are irresponsible Greek piracies from a single authentic tradition orally preserved in Aramaic by the Apostolic Church at Jerusalem'. In fact, of course, no attempt is made in the Gospel narratives to supply biographical details concerning the life of Jesus, except in the account of his last week on earth culminating in the Passion story, but to maintain that the editors deliberately falsified and distorted an earlier hypothetical 'Nazarene Gospel' orally transmitted is a charge substantiated neither by the historical nor by the documentary evidence.

Hardly less preposterous is the suggestion that 'although the discrepancies and doctrinal differences between the Gospels are a matter of common knowledge among professional theologians, they shrink from making a concerted attempt to investigate the processes by which authentic tradition became distorted' lest 'half-a-dozen strongly worded protests to the Church or University authorities may secure the offenders' dismissal'. Churches may reasonably demand a minimum standard of orthodoxy from their accredited teachers, but it should not be necessary to inform serious scholars that happily in this country today complete academic freedom of thought and expression in such matters prevail in all faculties in universities. How little are the authors of this volume acquainted with the present situation is further shown by their assertion that 'religious education in the schools has changed little during the past hundred years, and the artificial distinction between sacred and profane history has been jealously maintained at the universities'.

It may seem strange to Messrs. Graves and Podro that the fabrications they imagine they have discovered have escaped the notice of scholars infinitely better qualified than themselves apparently to engage in the highly technical documentary analyses they have attempted. The explanation lies, however, not in any innate obscurantism on the part of New Testament scholars in general, but in the hypothesis which these two writers have ventured to propound and the data on which it rests.

The contention is that the 'Nazarene Gospel' contained the record of Jesus as a man of unusual piety, learning and wit who was secretly anointed king by John the Baptist (who is equated with Gabriel) to revive the Jewish monarchy in a coronation ceremony, reflections of which are to be found in the trial episodes in the Passion narrative. He then proclaimed the advent of the kingdom and preached a pure

ethic, adopting the Pharasaic attitude towards the law with minor reservations. He performed acts of healing in the name of God though he failed to raise from the dead Lazarus the brother of his 'queen Mary'. In the role of the 'worthless shepherd' he precipitated the crisis, and after his crucifixion he revived in the tomb, appeared again to his disciples, and after retiring into hiding until his wounds had healed, discredited as a prophet he took refuge in 'the land of Nod', identified with the 'trans-Euphratean province of Susiana'. Eventually he reappeared in Damascus and confronted Saul on his way to arrest him. So began the 'Pauline heresy' which was largely responsible for the falsification of the Gospel tradition.

After setting forth the main contents of the canonical Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles in the Authorised Version, this so-called 'Nazarene Gospel' is printed as a separate section at the end of the book. It remains for New Testament scholars to evaluate its contents if it should be felt to warrant serious consideration.

Abstraction and Empathy

By Wilhelm Worringer.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 15s.

'*Abstraktion und Einfühlung*' was first published in 1908, four years after Kirchner, Vlaminck, Derain, Picasso, and Braque discovered Negro art, two years before Kandinsky painted his first abstract picture. Unconcerned with the art of his own time (he speaks in his book of the naturalistic modern occidental art) Worringer was not a commentator but a seer: 'Whereas the precondition for the urge to empathy is a happy pantheistic relationship of confidence between man and the phenomena of the external world, the urge to abstraction is the outcome of a great inner unrest inspired in man by the phenomena of the outside world. . . . We might describe this state as an immense spiritual dread of space'. Right at the beginning of the essay Worringer is intuitively in unison with the decisive artist of the time: 'Our investigations proceed from the presupposition that the work of art, as an autonomous organism, stands beside nature on equal terms and, in its deepest and innermost essence, devoid of any connection with it, in so far as by nature is understood the visible surface of things'. (Cézanne: '*L'art est une harmonie parallèle à la nature*'.) This whole first part of *Abstraction and Empathy* is a beautifully constructed fugue of two voices which, following Schopenhauer, leads to a synthesis of the two opposing principles which both ultimately mean self-alienation: 'In this sense, it cannot appear over-bold to attribute all aesthetic enjoyment—and perhaps even every aspect of human sensation and happiness—to the impulse of self-alienation as its most profound and ultimate essence'.

The second chapter of the theoretical first part establishes the two correspondences Empathy—Naturalism, and Abstraction—Style. The author first defines naturalism in contradistinction to imitation: ' . . . Approximation to the organic and the true to life, but not because the artist desired to depict a natural object true to life in its corporeality, not because he desired to give the illusion of a living object, but because the feeling for the beauty of organic form that is true to life had been aroused and because the artist desired to give satisfaction to this feeling, which dominated the absolute artistic volition'. Much in the mood of Burckhardt he characterises Cis-Alpine art: 'The essence of Cis-Alpine art consists precisely in the fact that it is incapable of expressing what it has to say with purely formal means, but that it degrades these means to bearers of a literary content that lies outside the aesthetic effect, and thereby deprives them of their own specific quality'. Worringer

'repudiates entirely the assumption that (the) preference for abstract-geometric form was a matter of spiritual pleasure, or gratification of the intellect'. He then applies Riegl's concept of the 'closed material individuality' to explain the abolition of space which took place in early medieval art, and readers will find it illuminating to compare this passage with Panofsky's essay of 1924 which explains this phenomenon as a unification of the previous, irrational space preparatory to the evolution of scientific space. The chapter is summed-up: '... all those elements of the work of art are to be subsumed under the concept style whose psychic explanation lies in man's need for abstraction, whereas the concept of naturalism embraces all those elements of the work of art which are the outcome of the urge to empathy'.

The practical section begins with an analysis of the art of the cave-dwellers. Worringer arrives at the conclusion that 'these naturalistic works ... afford us the welcome opportunity of stressing the absurdity that arises through identifying the history of art with the history of the impulse to imitation ... these creations are pure products of the imitation impulse ... but they have nothing to do with art in the proper meaning of the term'. He equally rejects exotic and children's art, and, speaking about early plant and animal ornament, concludes: 'Here too there can be no question of the stylisation of a natural model; here too an abstract-linear construct is gradually naturalised. Thus the point of departure of the artistic process is linear abstraction ...', curiously anticipating that noblest of twentieth-century painters, Juan Gris: 'It is not picture X which manages to correspond with my subject, but subject X which manages to correspond with my picture. ... The mathematics of picture making lead me to the physics of representation. ...'. Or, again, in Worringer's words: 'Rather was so-called stylisation *i.e.*, the abstract, the linear-inanimate, the primary phenomenon, which was then refashioned in the direction of organic aliveness and so gradually came to resemble a natural model'.

This juxtaposition of quotations may show how uncannily topical Worringer's essay is; but similar flashes appear all through the 'practical section' which culminates in a chapter on northern Pre-Renaissance art and an exposition of the opposing forces of abstraction and empathy at work and visible in it. The *envoi* says: 'Whoever has felt, in some degree, all that is contained in this (the Gothic) unnaturalness, despite his joy at the new possibilities of felicity created by the Renaissance, will remain conscious, with deep regret, of all the great values hallowed by an immense tradition that were lost forever with the victory of the organic, of the natural'. Since the first publication of *Abstraction and Empathy* the 'immense spiritual dread of space' has returned.

Mr. Michael Bullock's translation keeps close to the original; certain compound nouns like 'Weltbild', 'Weltanschauung', or composite adjectives like 'lebensfern' are, of course, notoriously difficult to translate and some overtones of the German original are inevitably lost.

The French Revolution

By A. Goodwin. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.

Students of the French Revolution will be grateful to Professor Goodwin for his lucid and balanced analysis, which goes up to the fall of Robespierre in 1794. It incorporates the results of the extensive research on the French Revolution in the past twenty years, and will take its place as the indispensable introduction to any serious study of this period.

Historians are now agreed that the meeting of the Notables in 1787, rather than the meeting

of the States-General in 1789, should be regarded as the real beginning of the Revolution, and Professor Goodwin rightly, and with expert authority, lays stress on the antecedents of 1789. The difficulties of Calonne and Necker in face of the attack of the nobility on royal despotism can now be more fairly understood. The Revolution could have been staved off only by drastic reform of the system of taxation, which would sweep away the fiscal exemptions of the privileged orders. As Professor Goodwin says: 'Effective financial reform in eighteenth-century France would necessarily have implied changes tantamount to social and political revolution'. It is clear that Louis XVI had not the strength of will to carry through this revolution from above, and it is doubtful, in any case, whether the monarchy possessed the power to do so. 'The complete, bureaucratic centralisation which Tocqueville later regarded as characteristic of the *ancien régime* was more of a dream than a reality'. Tocqueville's paradox of a revolution occurring at a time of increasing prosperity has also been considerably modified by the researches of Professor Labrousse into the price-movements of the eighteenth century. If the commercial class was gaining in wealth, wages of the labouring class did not keep up with the marked rise of prices, and the bad harvests of 1787 and 1788 culminated in an explosion of distress and mob violence in 1789. The failure of counter-revolution and the fall of feudalism must be seen against this background.

Professor Goodwin asserts on page seventy-seven that the fall of the Bastille 'freed the country from the restraints of press-censorship'. Surely this is an overstatement, since he has already noted on page forty-seven that the censorship had, in effect, been suspended after the decision to call the States-General had been announced in July 1788, and this is amply confirmed by Arthur Young's contemporary account.

The origins of the war, the September Massacres, and the Terror are put in their proper perspective. Professor Goodwin concludes that 'in submitting to the rule of the minority, and in accepting terror as a means of government, France did not deny the principles of 1789'. Robespierre fell, and the Terror was repudiated as soon as the threat of invasion had been removed by the victory of Fleurus. Historians have been apt to underrate the extent of counter-revolutionary intrigue inside France, which helps to explain the Terror. But it must be admitted that Robespierre's interpretation of Rousseau's concept of the General Will introduced the totalitarian principle, and his régime provided, to some extent, the model for the later 'dictatorship of the proletariat'.

Prelude to World War II

By Gaetano Salvemini. Gollancz. 30s.

Essentially this book is an analysis of the methods by which Mussolini conquered Ethiopia and of the reactions of the League of Nations and its separate members to this act of Italian defiance; a better title would have been quite simply: The Italo-Ethiopian War. Professor Salvemini's account and conclusions are based upon copious reading of memoirs, of the press at the time, and of the evidence supplied by a number of trials of war criminals after the second world war.

The book is prefaced by a study of the earlier foreign policy of Mussolini which places much emphasis upon his flouting of the League in the Corfu affair. It is made clear to the reader what to expect of the Italian dictator, a political gangster, a weak and inconsequent opportunist. How could such a man put all Europe, indeed most of the world, to shame? Professor Salvemini, in answering this question, attaches

the greatest weight to the agreement between Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mussolini in December 1925: according to this the British Government promised to support Italian efforts to obtain from Abyssinia a concession to build a railway from Britrea to Italian Somaliland, while Italy promised in return to support the British over a concession to build a dam for Lake Tana. The British were thus pledged in advance to the support of a project which postulated Italian military control of Abyssinia. This was not direct condonation of a violent attack upon Abyssinia any more than Laval's insinuations that Mussolini might penetrate that country peacefully, but it goes a long way to explain the lack of conviction later displayed by the Foreign Office in backing the League of Nations against the Duce.

Professor Salvemini has fought his own war against hypocrisy all his life, and it is only to be expected that the miserable performance at Geneva, while Ethiopia was being destroyed, arouses all his indignation. Above all his anger is levelled, with something of the bitterness of a disillusioned lover, against Mr. Eden; Mr. Eden, he declares, shed nothing but crocodile's tears, for, exactly like his colleagues, he never intended that League action should obstruct Mussolini in the least seriously.

Professor Salvemini's is an indictment which cannot be ignored. It is, however, weakened by the fact that it dates back to 1949 (which he mentions as the date of his writing) when a number of Italian, British, and German Foreign Office documents now published were not available—it is true that those dealing directly with 1935 and 1936 have still not come out, but the later volumes throw considerable light on the causes of war in 1939. Moreover, though on the whole well translated, what was stingingly witty in Italian comes out too petulantly in English. The Conservative rulers of Britain, Professor Salvemini contends, by betraying the League of Nations betrayed their own people and made Hitler's war inevitable. It is impossible, however, to forget that the Labour politicians, whom Professor Salvemini is inclined to spare, included some of the most opinionated pacifists, and that the public, especially that on the left, objected to a level of armament sufficient to make policy realistic. Finally, is it true that Hitler would not have plunged the world into war without Mussolini to set him the example? Was not war implicit in the Führer's *Weltanschauung* and certain to follow should he ever become supreme ruler of the German Reich?

Animals in Africa. By Ylla and L. S. B.

Leakey. Harvill. 30s.

Ylla, famous for her photographic portraits of animals—of tame animals and animals in zoos—wanted to see the animals of Africa and photograph them in their native surroundings. The modern safari conducted by a professional white hunter is a luxury tour, many of the animals in Game Reserves and National Parks are easily approached in a car, and telephoto lenses bring the shyer ones close up. Ylla brought her unrivalled skill as a picture maker to these modern advantages, and the result is a magnificent album of photographs, many of them in colour, that will make every naturalist who has not been to Kenya or Tanganyika long for a trip to those wonderful countries. The text is supplied by Dr. L. S. B. Leakey who has spent a lifetime among the game of East Africa and consequently discourses with authority on the animals. Ylla adds a narrative chapter on her safari and an appendix of technical photographic details. It is a beautiful book, but it is a pity that something has happened to the caption of the picture of two young Impala rams on page eighty which are wrongly labelled 'Grant Gazelles'.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

'To Inform, Educate, and Entertain...'

IT DOES NOT seem to me, glancing back, as I am editorially required to do this week, that during 1953 B.B.C. television made a notable show of helping to reduce the confusions of men. In some of its aspects and possibilities we know that it increased the confusions. Did it dispel more doubts than it raised? Did it—for instance—reassure us about the future of democracy and its institutions of government? Did it advance the supremacy of the poet over the scientist? At the expense of listening, reading, thinking, did it reaffirm the superstition that seeing is believing? Or did it, primarily, minister to the need for passing the time, which activates so much human effort?

As a reporter, television in 1953 made a greater impact on the public consciousness than in any previous year of its history. The Coronation provided both opportunity and inspiration. Was television as successful in its teacher role? Both functions, we may remind ourselves, are authorised by Charter: 'To inform, educate, and entertain the people of this Realm...'. The educational influence of television has so far been implied rather than stated, achieved by ricochet rather than by direct aim.

'International Commentary', which gave us first-hand knowledge about crisis spots in world affairs, used all television's resources for instructional purposes, leaving viewers to form their conclusions from the facts put before them. 'India's Challenge' was a fine example of objective pictorial and verbal comment; the series, this, in which Aidan Crawley challenged and, as some thought, dispossessed Christopher Mayhew of his title of television's best expositor of foreign affairs. 'Press Conference', still with us, brought viewers into the inner circles of public opinion and, occasionally, into contact with the makers of it. Adlai Stevenson, of the United States, was an admirable subject who made a great impression on British viewers. Prime Minister Nehru, of India, was not impressive: television appeared to diminish his public stature. Another 'Press Conference' personality of the year was the Home Secretary, Sir David

Maxwell Fyfe, who showed himself to viewers at a time when he was beset by the grim anxieties of reprieve and execution. 'Press Conference' has probably heightened viewers' respect for B.B.C. impartiality. That the series has been thought to lack punch when compared with similar programmes elsewhere is hardly an important critical point; evidently the pace set for it suits the average viewing temperament here.

'Special Enquiry' explored a variety of pertinent topics, from the housing shortage in Glasgow to smog effects in London and Manchester, with an excursion to Devonshire to study labour problems on the land. Uneven as a series, it none the less went some way towards establishing a new kind of television journalism, comparable with the best that is printed. 'In the News', I fear, added to the confusions. Translated for the first time into visual terms, the party political broadcasts, after the Budget in April, made television history, and *The Times* took notice: 'The dangers are real and have to be watched, for television is a medium which brings not the politician himself but a carefully selected and groomed image of him into millions of homes'.

I have mentioned by no means all the most forceful documentaries of the year. Yet we might have to admit that in social impact and effect they were eclipsed by the simple, homespun, one-man-and-a-camera programmes of the 'Leisure and Pleasure' kind, as also by the personalities of the regular duty announcers whose faces, voices, hair-styles, and clothes are daily observed and talked about by the viewing public. The cinema produced a mass fashion market. Television establishes intimacies unknown in the cinema's relations with its patrons. Queer stories are heard of viewers who behave as if the people on the screen are visitors to their homes. Television may bring a revolution in manners. Conceivably it could contribute to a wider appreciation of human presence and human dignity, though that may be expecting too much from a society depending for its mental nourishment on comic strips and digest-reading.

Doubt assails us less vexatiously when we return to the reporter role of television, to those outside broadcasting programmes which have done more than the documentaries of the studios to raise the service in public esteem, its window-

on-life demonstrations which have given us some of the best of our viewing satisfactions. The passing year showed the O.B. department winning more laurels with its transmissions of memorable sights and scenes within the splendid Coronation context—the royal visits to Scotland and Wales and the reviews of the Fleet at Spithead and the Royal Air Force at Odiham among them; and at the same time communicating to an expectant public the specialised excitements of the Test Matches, Wimbledon tennis, and the air display at Farnborough with its startling glimpses of new sky fashions to come.

This being the season of the compliment, I shall pay myself one by saying that in 1953, more often than I have been given credit for, I should have preferred to praise rather than to disparage. Documentary television producers are hereby assured that I wish them well in 1954.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Down Memoree Lane

IN RETROSPECT, or, more matily put, down memoree lane, the year looks undistinguished and indistinguishable: another way of grousing that all the best things are O.B., and my colleague's plums. When I wish to shout congratulations about entertainments X Y Z, I find, to my surprise, that these already belong to 1952 (to say nothing of that fancy dress evening when we all went back to Elizabeth I, marry-come-up!). Trying to pop everything into order in one year, like trying to find a lowest common denominator of taste (which is what television today seems to be trying so hard to do) is as uncomfortable as lying on Procrustes' bed.

Unlike Philip Harben's cookery, criticism, least of all television criticism, is no exact science. It is full of ignorance, perforce, and prejudice, inevitably. What thrills the don's wife in her study may give positive offence 'where the television masts grow thicker, where the Green Line bus runs quicker'. One man's meat is so many other men's poison. And at a sweet and hallowed season of the year when we try hard to stress the unity rather than the disparity of the human family, it is doubly difficult to be forced to recognise that though we may all



Aidan Crawley in 'India's Challenge—1' on June 22



Adlai Stevenson in 'Press Conference' on July 29



Scene from 'Tosca' on June 18: Victoria Elliott as Tosca and Kenneth Neate as Cavaradossi

roughly agree as to what Bread is, feelings run high about Circuses. And what does the critic do? Tries, I think, for a personal and instant reaction. It's that, or madness. Film critics, those lidless dragons of the press, indulge at this time in much 'year's ten-best' recapitulation. And with reason. What they extol is still in being, can be bought up by rival film companies, destroyed, and thus kept from ever over-sensitising public taste again.

But the experiences I remember are not cut-and-dried works of art in fire-proof boxes: roses, they lived but the space of roses, beautiful memories at best and (*pianissimo*) sometimes not so beautiful at all. Film critics during the year, even mid March winds, are always dropping sly hints: 'I shall be surprised if the year, young though it be, produces a better film than this'. Well, at least I can say I have never said or even felt anything comparable in this column. The reason is very obvious: television drama is still to a large extent a wonderful act of faith, or improvisation, a minute-to-minute fencing with disaster. Every programme is, in however small a way, a little miracle (remember that next time you watch... well, let's name no names in Christmas week).

The play of memory on such frail, ephemeral masterpieces of make-do is likely to be particularly misleading. To begin with there is too much to recall: to make the mind a blank and search the clouded crystal ball only brings up incongruities: Miss Joan Gilbert, not even my bird, telling us she's got a stiff leg tonight and hopes it won't show (it didn't); Gilbert Harding going off quite suddenly like a boarding-house geyser and scalding some genteel and unwary person; W. J. Brown as a Mummy in 'Why?'; Noelle Middleton in a ruff; and a man who balanced billiard balls on his behind.

Like Baudelaire, I have more memories than if I were a thousand years old: *un gros meuble à tiroirs encombrés*. Which drawer to pull out? Puppets? I think not. Skaters? Well, perhaps. Or ballerinas, in their own rights, own tights, or as part of a Stephen Bate fantasy on Schubert's Ninth Symphony. Or a drawer marked 'Acting', which discloses much neat, utility stuff, for the acting on television is serious if not always very good. And producers: those from the top drawer are splendid—people like Ian Atkins, Stephen Harrison, Joy Harington,

Rudolf Cartier too, and, especially perhaps this year, Denis Vance whose strong pictorial sense and knowledge of what *not* to show seems to me to have made a valuable contribution. But I must not make lists or I shall end with that phrase about 'others who have done good work this term' which anonymously slights you when a school-child. But I would say this in passing: it is exceptionally hard to allot praise or blame to producers on television in default of knowledge as to what precisely is the state of the battle at the far end of the tube. Live theatre never goes as

mountain! If there were more of it, would there be higher standard and more 'outstanding' events by which the year could be judged? Perhaps the best way, after all, is to work it out in monetary terms and then ask yourself whether—in default of best theatre imaginable—you have not got a wonderfully inexpensive one? Seen like that, some of the worst programmes seem jollier.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

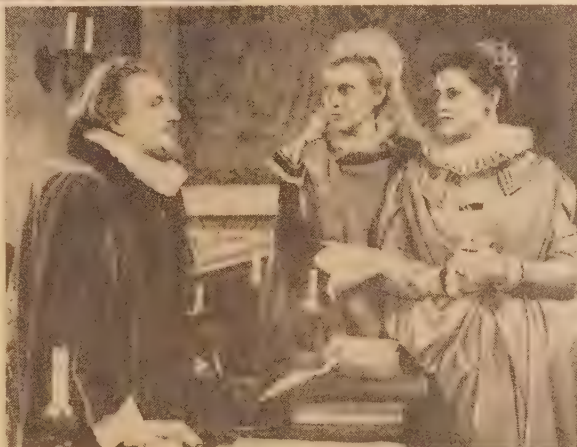
Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

We'll Hear a Play

TYPICALLY, during the summer, Bernard Braden ended a programme by selling air, 'the new wonder product with a thousand uses'. He might have been advertising the Theatre of the Air. Radio-drama has had a most spirited twelve months; I cannot dissent heartily enough from professional mourners who are already holding pocket-handkerchiefs before their streaming eyes.

The Drama Department, with its noble army of producers, controls what is, in effect—and this cannot be repeated too often—our national repertory theatre. During 1953 it covered plays as far apart in time and feeling as the 'Hippolytus', 'The Spanish Tragedy', 'Sherlock Holmes', 'To Damascus', and what was then the newest Anouilh (besides a run of current French plays useful for collectors). The result seemed to me to be uncommonly exciting: why flinch from the word? Both in exploring the stage repertory in a way no theatre can, and in seeking new work written for the medium, the drama men never sleep. Clearly, they have found new plays the



'Gunpowder, Treason and Plot' on November 1: (left to right) Dennis Arundell as Lord Salisbury; Marie Ney as Lady Catesby; and Pamela Alan as Elizabeth Rookwood

wrong as that. Films can be reshot; with television, sink or swim.

Let us recall cursorily some of the better plays: the one about the Gunpowder Plot; 'The Public Prosecutor'; the one about the Lynskey Tribunal called 'Guilty Party', which looked for half an hour as if it might be a winner. There was also Shapiro's 'The Bridge' which was superior and 'The Shop at Sly Corner', which was second-rate but good on that rating, not to mention 'Rope', 'Libel', 'The Lake'—and, entering the class of trusties, 'Evensong', 'Lady Frederick' and 'The Emperor Jones'. Two plays at least have found themselves solidier if smaller audiences in the theatre: 'Down Came a Blackbird', and 'Anastasia' which had a strong scene in it between Mary Kerridge and Helen Haye. There was 'It's Midnight, Dr. Schweitzer' (from Paris), 'Golden Boy' (from the Bronx) and also 'A Fish in the Family' from nearer home.

And that is only a fraction. Thin gruel it may look some nights; but in sum, what a



Scene from 'The Public Prosecutor' on October 8: (left to right) Goggie Withers as Madame Tallien; Jack Hawkins as Fouquier-Tinville; and William Sylvester as Tallien

more troublesome. Only two or three impressed: there is a let's-have-a-go trick of trying a listener's belief too highly. (Sound drama is extraordinarily flexible; but the dramatist has still to swear by the 'oaths of judgment and reason'). Revivals have been often first-rate: we do indeed hear a play, not receive a smudged impression.

For me the productions of the year were Strindberg's relentless 'The Dance of Death' (both parts, on the island of 'Little Hell'), and

the Coronation revival of 'The Tempest', with Sir John Gielgud's Prospero. The best new plays were Donagh MacDonagh's Irish jig, 'God's Gentry'; Giles Cooper's version of Margaret Kennedy's symbolically-patterned 'The Feast' (it should be heard again); and Patric Dickinson's 'The Death of Hector', from which I think of Frank Duncan's quiet voice speaking the lines of Hermes, 'The waves break one by one. Count them, count them; stay awake'. Elizabethan and Stuart work came through strongly. Radio-drama has the voices; we can let the verse light the imagination without worrying ourselves about a tongue torn out or a dagger-perced heart: visual crudities that the groundlings loved. During the year we found gold in some of the remoter Shakespeare: remember Michael Hordern's Pericles, fervently expressed. Mr. Hordern offered several vocal feats: his Volpone, his Captain in 'The Dance of Death' (with that bumptious, edge-of-the-springboard voice), and his misanthrope in 'The Plain Dealer'. Norman Shelley is another subtle actor—his General in that too-bitter almond, 'The Waltz of the Toreadors', stays with me—and, at the risk of cataloguing, we must hail such players as Carleton Hobbs (Turgenev's poor gentleman); Leon Quartermaine, with his healing tones; Anthony Jacobs, whose voice can scorch; Gladys Young, Mary Wimbush (Ibsen's Rebecca West), James McKechnie, Marjorie Westbury, Hugh Burden (who narrates finely), William Fox, and the late Cecil Trouncer. But list-making is invidious.

Features have been less memorable. I recall various portraits of, or commentaries upon, such people as Whistler, Rhodes, Shelley, Byron, Sir Charles Napier: all tend to melt together in the mind. R. D. Smith's summoning of Wesley—Walter Hudd as the evangelist—is most permanent among the portraits. My favourite programmes were Gwyn Thomas' recollection of the Rhondda of 1926, 'Gazooka', with its warmth, its unexpected labels, the almost elegiac sense of its last moments; and Henry Reed's 'A Very Great Man Indeed', the Third kicking up its heels without too much closed-circle fun. Variety, in a vast output, has done gallant service. None can have laughed at all the jokes; but now and then, amid the inevitable stretches of jog-jogging, we broke—far more frequently than during 1952—into a crazy canter. Radio-variety is happiest when crazy (hear the Braden spasms) or when it makes use of the eccentric sound effects the Goons enjoy so much. No programme yet has equalled that multi-voiced, protean affair, the Ustinov-Jones 'In All Directions'. Memories of it should be enough to squelch the preposterous suggestion, after a recent stage failure, that Ustinov lacks a sense of humour.

Moments from 1953? Quickly, then, as they come. The end of 'Gazooka', when many feet swished through the grass on the mountain at summer nightfall; the Recognition in 'Pericles'; the slow-motion pyrotechnics of 'Gryll Grange'; the serial nonsense of 'Under Two Flags' ('Gad! You look enchantin'!); the dreamy flow of MacLeish's 'This Music Crept By Me On The Water' upon a summer night in the Antilles; William Devlin's Pompey, matching the nobility of Massfield's play in a production that otherwise wavered; the end of a Maulnier fantasy when the spire of the drowned cathedral of Ys 'hurtled like a javelin into the day'; Joan Hart's burning voice in the 'Electra' of Euripides; Sherlock Holmes crying, 'Got you, Moriarty!'; a superb scream by Barbara Couper in 'The Spanish Tragedy'; Beryl Reid, like a frivolous macaw, in 'Educating Archie'... so much to say, and all space gone. Air, as Mr. Braden sagely observed, is a Wonder Product. What may we expect in 1954?

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Backward Glance

TO LOOK BACK over a year of listening arouses disquieting questions. How much of all this multifarious intake has stuck in the mind and how much also in the imagination? More, much more, I think, than we can easily call to mind on the spur of the moment. Indeed if I hadn't fifty-two filed pages torn from fifty-two LISTENERS to assist my memory, goodness knows what I would succeed in pumping up that unreliable and only too reticent reservoir. But the filed pages assure me that—remember them or not—I listened attentively to every broadcast mentioned in them and to a great many more unmentioned, some being omitted for no better reason than that they refused, somehow, to fit themselves into the article of the week.

Among many notable series I recall none so satisfying, because so richly human, as Gilbert Murray's 'Hellenism and the Modern World', but not far behind it came Cecil Day Lewis' four talks on 'Modern Poetry' and V. A. Demant's on Christian mysticism, called 'The Practice of the Presence of God'. I was enthralled by two other series which included various speakers, one on Byzantium, which fell before the Turk five centuries ago this year, the other on 'The Values of Primitive Society'; and 'Six African Studies' was a valuable and very well-planned series in each of which three or four Africans of various races discussed questions vital to their lands and peoples with a British administrator. Gilbert Ryle's broadcast version of his Tarner Lectures was most invigorating to the wits, and for music lovers there were two admirable series—William Glock's 'Studies in Musical Criticism' and Antony Hopkins' 'Studies in Musical Taste'. A series called 'The Critic's Tasks' in which the criticism of various arts—music, drama, painting, architecture, and so on—was discussed each by one of its practitioners kept up a very respectable standard throughout, and there was another series over which I shall continue to chuckle and smack my lips—Bertrand Russell's 'Portraits from Memory', gay, shrewd, and delightfully indiscreet, all but the one on Joseph Conrad which was an impressive and moving memory of a unique friendship.

The broadcasting of Professor Ryle's lectures was a case in which the coming of radio has made it possible for the general public to hear lectures and addresses which in pre-radio days were confined to learned societies and later to the printed page. Another such example was Sir Edward Appleton's superb presidential address last September to the British Association for the Advancement of Science on the subject of 'Science for its own Sake'; and a third was J. M. Cocking's inaugural lecture in the chair of French in King's College, London, a most interesting discourse on 'Some English Influences on Proust'.

I still remember very vividly three crowded impressions of places and events, one called 'Storm Centre' which gave eye-witness accounts of the hurricane which struck Orkney; another—'Earthquake in Greece'—in which Laurence Gilliam told of his visit to the islands of Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Zante with recordings of some who had experienced the disaster, and a third by René Cutforth giving a realistic sound-picture in talk and noises of a London day and night.

The Coronation evoked some good broadcasts on many themes connected with it. I recall a learned and absorbing talk by C. H. Williams on 'The Holy Oil' and the ancient ritual of anointing the monarch, and retrospective impressions of life, as they saw it, at the time of the coronations of Edward VII, George V, and George VI by three speakers who were in their

early twenties at those dates, namely, G. M. Young, Sir Llewellyn Woodward, and Philip Toynbee. There were good programmes, too, on famous people: Walter de la Mare's birthday was celebrated by V. Sackville-West and C. V. Wedgwood each in a charming and sensitive appreciation; Hugh Sykes Davies gave a pleasant character sketch of 'Q', and there was an excellent mosaic portrait of Swift, another of Dylan Thomas, and a less successful one of Hilaire Belloc.

I could mention much more, among it various briefer or slighter things which especially took my fancy and remain as fresh as paint in my memory—a delightful thing about his great-grandfather by Arthur Calder-Marshall called 'The Man Beneath the Whiskers'; an exquisitely funny reminiscence with all the shapelessness of a short story called 'Miching Mallecho, that Means Witchcraft' by Laura Bohannon, another as good called 'The Mayor Unrolls his Mat' by Sydney Bailey; a ridiculous story called 'Pug and the Tinker' by Diana Ross, perfectly read by Denis McCarthy, and some beautiful extracts from the Russian writer Prishvin's book called in English 'The Lake and the Woods'.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Account Rendered

THIS IS THE TIME for the casting of accounts, and it is no bad thing to apply the process, outside the material sphere, to the year's experience—which means, as far as this column is concerned, the year's listening to music. Looking back, I find, as usual on such occasions, that impressions are chaotic and partial. Some things stand out of the mists of forgetfulness, but there seems to be no pattern in the array of memories, no figure in the carpet. But I suppose that what sticks in the memory does so because it made a special impact, and therefore its survival in one's mind has an importance which justifies examination.

So let us proceed by question and answer. What is the most striking new work we have heard this year? Uppermost in my mind comes the 'Sinfonia Antartica' of Vaughan Williams, and not, I think, because, as I find on looking up dates, it also happens to be the first important work broadcast during the year. Nor does it owe its prominence to the somewhat futile argument as to whether it is a symphony or not. It stands out as noble music inspired by heroic deeds which caught and still hold the imagination of the English people.

But have I forgotten the Coronation? Indeed, no, but that, though embellished with much new music, was a solemn ceremonial of Church and State in which music played a subsidiary part. And it may be that our recollection of the music is derived rather from its connection with the ceremony than from its intrinsic worth. And there were, surrounding the great event so wonderfully presented to the outside audience in sound and television, many subsidiary programmes of music composed as part of the festivities. There was 'Gloriana' produced at a Covent Garden gala performance and broadcast to the world at large. There was Rossini's 'Elisabetta', an old, forgotten opera, recorded as a present to England by Radio Italiana which proved so successful that it has been given two additional performances since, the latest during this final Christmas week. And there were the charming, if uneven, 'Garland for the Queen' and Rubbra's 'Ode' composed for Kathleen Ferrier who, alas! never sang it.

And what of other symphonic music? There was Malcolm Arnold's Second Symphony, more stable than his first, yet by no means ponderous, the tardy revival of Lennox Berkeley's only

symphony, and the new Viola Concertos of Edmund Rubbra and Racine Fricker. Interpreting the term 'symphonic' loosely, I remember also with gratitude the revival of Holst's 'Hymn of Jesus' and Bruckner's Mass in E minor with accompaniment for wood-winds and brass. And I remember, for other reasons, Olivier Messiaen's 'Turangalila Symphony'—if that can be called a symphony why not the 'Antartica'?—which one of my colleagues succinctly described as 'deadly serious and a deadly bore'.

And opera? There was 'The Rake's Progress' which came off better, as far as listeners at home were concerned, in Dennis Arundell's skilful studio production at the beginning of the year than in the Edinburgh Festival performance. But that was outshone by Bartók's 'Bluebeard',

which we ought to hear again soon. With Pfitzner's 'Palestrina', Delius' 'Irmelin', 'Wozzeck' from Covent Garden, Sutermeister's 'Romeo and Juliet' from Sadler's Wells, 'Königskinder' and 'Love for Three Oranges', not to mention the Bayreuth performances of Wagner, which were exceptionally well recorded or relayed, the opera-lover cannot complain that the B.B.C. does not provide the widest repertory in the world. For it embraces also popular favourites like 'La Bohème', which the name of Toscanini brought to the Third Programme, and what should be popular favourites, like 'Lakmé'.

And what do I regret most *not* having heard? That is an easy question to answer. The three operas of Strauss brought to Covent Garden by

the Bavarians in my absence on holiday. But here I must add a puzzled query concerning the paucity of relays from our National Opera House, except on gala occasions or when it is inhabited by visitors from abroad. Secondly, I much regret missing Fischer-Dieskau's singing of 'Winterreise' in the excellent series of Schubert recitals arranged by Richard Capell.

Lastly, what was the greatest individual performance in the programmes? Little as I believe in the validity of answers to such questions, I unhesitatingly reply: Flagstad's Isolde. And it is there, thank goodness, on record to substantiate my judgment and to delight posterity. But posterity is already getting ready to ring its bells. So a Happy New Year to you!

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Heritage of Spanish Music

By J. B. TREND

The first two programmes in a series of broadcasts covering six centuries of Spanish music will be broadcast at 8.40 p.m. on Tuesday, January 5, and 9.25 p.m. on Friday, January 8 (Third)

PROFESSOR DENT has often said that the renaissance of music in England was due primarily to the scholars: Arkwright, Barclay Squire, and Fellowes; and to a composer who was a scholar as well, Hubert Parry. In Spain the names would be Pedrell, Sunyol, and Anglès, with honourable mention for Barbieri, a composer of comic operas who, in 1890, scored and printed the 'Palace Song Book' (*Cancionero del Palacio*) of round about 1500, and Count Morphy, tutor to King Alfonso XII, who first revealed something of the variety and originality of the Spanish lutenists (*vihuelistas*). Working in discomfort and bad light, with no microfilm or photostats to check human errors in copying, they were wonderful to accomplish what they did.

Pedrell, however, made known more of the music of the 'heritage' than anyone else; and just as his heir in folk-song is his fellow-Catalan Roberto Gerhard, with the Asturian Eduardo Torner and the Galician Jesús Bal (all now living away from Spain), so his followers in medieval music have been Dom Sunyol and Monsignor Anglès. Sunyol was the first to transcribe the late fourteenth-century religious dances of the Catalan 'Red Book' (*Llibre Vermell*) of Montserrat, while Anglès, a pupil of Friedrich Ludwig, brought new technique to the deciphering of the early polyphonic music of Castile and Catalonia. The three stout volumes of the fourteenth-century *Códice de Las Huelgas* are his, and he also interpreted the monodic musical texts of the popular religious *cantigas* of Alfonso the Sage (1252-1284), showing that the rhythmical problems could be solved by methods like those employed in France for the songs of the troubadours. Though Alfonso was King of Castile, the language of his songs is not Spanish but Portuguese, like the charming dance-songs of Martin Codax, which were meant for two groups of girls, singing antiphonally but joining in the refrain. They are like those written by King Denis of Portugal, and have been wittily described as 'she-chanties'.

The 'Palace Song Book' has been re-edited by Anglès with treble and bass clefs instead of the C-clefs preserved by Barbieri. The chief poet and composer is Juan del Encina who, though belonging to one of the most serious moments in Spanish history—the joint reign of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabel of Castile (1474-1504)—left words and music which are often unblushingly comic. He would take a familiar street-cry and arrange it for three or four voices; but the street-crier—rag-and-bone man or

travelling tinker—was really an amorous young gentleman in disguise, serenading a pretty woman at a window. The tinker has his usual cry, which we hear grotesquely from all four voices in imitation; but the language is a curious mixture of dialects full of double meanings, for the gallant's intentions are not honourable. Sometimes, however, Encina has a tune suggesting a voice singing in the distance of a quiet, star-lit night, and then he can be a very attractive composer indeed.

The Emperor Charles V (1516-1556) kept a large establishment of singers and players, and took them with him whenever he attended a peace-conference. He was musical enough to notice when one of his composers, Francisco Guerrero, had been a 'subtle thief' of someone else's music. Besides masses and motets, this Guerrero (there was another composer of the same name) wrote simple but suavely beautiful pastoral madrigals. Yet the chief Spanish composer of the reign of Charles V was Morales, who had an international reputation and is mentioned by Rabelais. A volume of masses has lately been edited by Anglès; but most of his motets are still unpublished, falling to pieces in the huge choir-books at Toledo, Seville, Valladolid, and the Escorial. He seems to have been a difficult, passionate man but a very considerable composer. There is (in choir-books at Seville) an unpublished motet, 'Ecce Virgo concipiet' (Behold, a Virgin shall conceive). These are old, conventional words, but there is nothing old or conventional in the way that Morales has set them to music. It is not a priest reading a lesson from Isaiah, but a passionate, half-naked prophet, pursued by a hostile crowd. 'Yes! It will happen! A Virgin shall conceive!' Then follow the names which so excited Handel; and Morales gradually thins out his counterpoint to bring out the word 'wonderful' (*admirabilis*) until, when he reaches 'the mighty God', all four voices are singing in block harmony, 'Deus fortis'. In other motets he uses the effective Flemish device of making one voice sing the same theme and the same words at each entry; and on occasions he can (when writing the *Hierusalem* of his six-part Lamentations, for instance) achieve effects of marvellous beauty and serenity.

Victoria (who died in 1611) set Latin words with such feeling that they might have been his own Castilian Spanish. He is generally known for his Holy Week music; but his best work is to be found in the wonderful motets for six voices on words from 'The Song of Songs'.

These are comparable with the six-part madrigals of Wilbye and Weelkes, and not far short of Marenzio. Other works, too, are full of fine music and poetical evocation: the unearthly Christmas peace of *O magnum mysterium*; or the uproarious 'Pange lingua', set to the old Spanish tune for the popular festival of Corpus Christi. His complete works were edited by Pedrell.

Since the eighteenth century there has been a kind of music which we can all recognise for 'Spanish', or in 'the Spanish idiom', though it is by no means characteristic of Spain as a whole. It arose in Madrid with *tonadillas*: street-music, stylised by singers from the south and performed (like 'The Beggar's Opera') as a protest against opera from Italy. It was heard by Domenico Scarlatti (as we see in the admirable biography lately published at Princeton by Mr. Ralph Kirkpatrick) and appealed to his clear-cut sense of form and rhythm, while he also picked up some of its guitar-effects and cadences. The Spanish idiom naturally pervades the delightful comic operas of Barbieri, such as 'El barberillo de Lavapiés'; but it was Granados, a gifted pianist from Barcelona, who conceived the idea of a 'synthetic' eighteenth century, writing new *tonadillas* to be sung in the stylised, eighteenth-century manner of Madrid. These were followed by two sets of piano pieces, 'Goyescas', afterwards orchestrated and turned into a short, two-act opera in a setting derived from the paintings and tapestries of Goya. It is surprising (considering its origin) how effective—and indeed irresistible—it is on the stage. Meanwhile Albéniz had been making his brilliant 'salon' transcriptions, for the piano, of music whose spiritual home was as remote from a salon as anything in Europe: the *cante hondo* or *flamenco* of romantic Andalusian tradition.

With Falla, we reach music which is contemporary, though he, too, had his roots in Scarlatti as well as Andalusia. With him, the methods of the earlier Stravinsky were made intelligible through Spanish rhythms; and he is typical of the artistic integrity and intellectual adventure of the nineteen-twenties. It was a period in which audiences expected modern music to sound modern, a view never better expressed than by a member of the A.T.S., on hearing a record of the Miller's dance from 'The Three-cornered Hat': 'Those modern chords' (she said) 'seem to make it belong to us; and, after all, it's dance-music!' That is worth columns of cautious criticism; for music from Spain has never been afraid of adventure.

OUT JANUARY 1

ENCOUNTER

NUMBER FOUR

*Edited by*STEPHEN SPENDER AND
IRVING KRISTOL

MOUNT EVEREST DIARY

Wilfred Noyce

DOPPELGÄNGER—A Story

Wyndham Lewis

WORDS AND MUSIC

W. H. Auden

ALSO CONTRIBUTIONS BY

*Franz Borkenau**W. S. Graham**Rita Hinden**John Morris**V. Sackville-West**Alec Waugh*

AND OTHERS

EARLY IN 1954

*Articles by*ALDOUS HUXLEY, BERTRAND
RUSSELL, CZESLAW MILOSZ,
DANIEL BELL, IGNAZIO
SILONE, ALLEN TATE, DAVID
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

'CHEESY AND PEPPERY'

TO DO JUSTICE to a savoury you must strictly observe three important points: it should not exceed two mouthfuls, it must be cheesy, and it must be peppery.

One of my favourite savouries is celery fritters. You make these with some 'blue cheese, or Stilton cheese. First, work the cheese into a paste with a fork, then add some seasoning and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Cut the celery into small sticks about two or three inches long, and fill the hollow stalks with this paste. Next, roll your stuffed celery sticks in flour, dip them in beaten egg and bread-crumbs, and fry them for two or three minutes in very hot fat until they are golden brown, then serve on small pieces of fried bread. The celery should not be cooked too much—the whole essence of the delicate flavour of celery fritters is the crispness of the almost raw celery combined with the creamy cheese mixture.

My second savoury is a typically French one—*Croque Monsieur*. Just make some pieces of fried bread, about two inches square, then place a small slice of ham on each piece and coat the ham with a little mustard. On top of the mustard put a small slice of cheese—about the same size as the ham-slice—so that you have a sort of 'open sandwich'. Leave these in the oven for a few minutes, then serve as soon as the cheese has melted.

The cheese soufflé is, of course, the most delicate savoury of all. Grease some small soufflé cases and sprinkle the sides and the bottom with grated cheese so that the soufflé will 'rise' evenly while it is baking. The cases should be three inches in diameter and two inches deep. To make eight small soufflés, you will need:

- 2 oz. of butter or margarine
- 2½ oz. of flour

- ½ pint of boiling milk
- 2 oz. of grated cheese and 1 oz. of diced cheese
- a pinch of Cayenne pepper
- a pinch of salt
- 3 eggs

Melt the butter or margarine in a saucepan, then add the flour, and stir to a smooth paste with a wooden spoon. Next, add your boiling hot milk, then allow the mixture to thicken like a custard for a minute. Add your seasoning of salt and Cayenne pepper, and mix in the 2 ounces of grated cheese. Add the diced cheese, and then, while the mixture is cooling in the saucepan, take the three eggs and separate the whites from the yolks. When the mixture is completely cold in the saucepan, add the egg-yolks, one at a time, then beat the whites in a separate basin to a stiff snow and fold into the mixture. Fill the soufflé cases half full and bake for ten minutes in the oven.

JEAN CONIL

A 'PAVLOVA' FOR THE PARTY

A delicious party sweet—a New Zealand speciality—is called Pavlova. I understand the name was given to it when the famous dancer came to New Zealand with a company many years ago. Apparently she tasted the sweet and was so delighted with it that she gave it her own name.

A Pavlova is like a large meringue—about nine inches in diameter and about one-and-a-half to two inches high—depending upon how good you are at making one. The mixture is similar to a meringue mixture with a little vinegar added. The vinegar not only takes the edge off the sweetness and gives it rather an unusual flavour, but also it helps to prevent the inside from becoming sugary. The secret of a perfect

Pavlova is really in the cooking. You need to know just when to take it out of the oven—the outside must be crisp enough to hold its shape and the inside must be soft and marshmallowy.

When it is cooked and cooled, it is placed on a large, flat, glass dish, then covered with pineapple or passionfruit or a mixture of both, and spread with a very thick layer of whipped cream. By the way, sometimes rum is added to the whipped cream, and this gives it a sophisticated flavour.

HELEN COX

Notes on Contributors

- TERENCE PRITTE (page 1107): *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Germany
 JOHN MAIR (page 1109): Programme Organiser, Turkish Section of the B.B.C., who has just returned from a visit to Turkey
 WILLIAM PICKLES (page 1111): Senior Lecturer in Political Science, London School of Economics
 MICHAEL GRANT (page 1117): Professor of Humanity, Edinburgh University; author of *Roman Imperial Money*, etc.
 G. H. BANTOCK (page 1119): Lecturer in Education, Leicester University College
 NIKOLAUS PEVSNER (page 1120): Slade Professor of Fine Art, Cambridge University, and Lecturer in the History of Art, Birkbeck College, London University; author of *The Buildings of England*, etc.
 HONOR TRACY (page 1130): journalist; author of *Mind You, I've Said Nothing: Forays in the Irish Republic*, etc.
 SIR ARTHUR GRIMBLE, K.C.M.G. (page 1132): Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Windward Islands 1942-48, and of the Seychelles 1936-42

Crossword No. 1,235.

A Fresh Start.

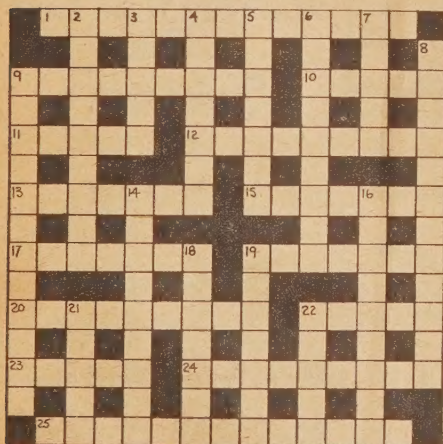
By Altair

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, January 7

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Mrs. Battle's was once celebrated and solvers will expect this one tomorrow (13, four words).



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

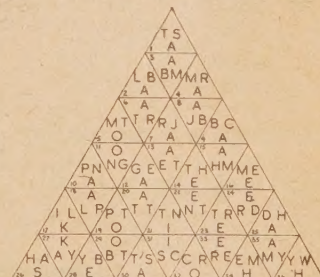
9. Not so useful as a sleeping partner (9).
 10. Change one letter in woman and rearrange for a cat-call (5).
 11. Show one sees in a box (5).
 12. Bluebeard perhaps, but not Landru (9).
 13. Portion in headgear for natural home (7).
 15. Change one letter in galipot and rearrange in current way (7).
 17. *Wot-no-sun* might aptly claim descent from this famous sire (7).
 19. This outing is not a foul in a motor race (7, two words).
 20. Lord Montgomery was in early days such an islander (9).
 22. Not equine headquarters (5).
 23. Exclusive law which is the first half of an organ stop (5).
 24. Sir E. Ray Lancaster wrote from one (9, hyphen).
 25. One supposes they are always seeking the happy medium (13).

DOWN

2. Rome's debt to the Neros was consummated by his defeat (9).
 3. Singular portion of brown sugar (5).
 4. One would not suspect the milk-cart's advertised product rhymed with shout (7).
 5. Or water for the shrub (7).
 6. Day of fasting which suggests certain fish are allowed (9, two words).
 7. Aim at an old instrument (5).
 8. You probably have this in hand (12, three words).

9. Steam pincher (anag.) (12).
 14. Padre can't be this? (9, two words).
 16. Guise in which, according to Milton, Satan entered the Garden (9).
 18. A pressing affair (7).
 19. Rummy type of card game (7).
 21. A nickname rather than a county abbreviation (5).
 22. American xerophytes (5).

Solution of No. 1,233



NOTES

1-3. Tsa-mba. 2-23. Alb-ert. 25-4. Dha-rma. 5-9. Tom-bac. 6-10. Tar-pan. (Spartan). 7-11. Jar-gon (confused talk). 8-33. Baj-ree. 12-24. Gea-red. 18-13. Pal-ate. 14-31. Eth-ics (anag.). 30-15. Ast-hma. 16-21. Eme-tin. 28-17. Bay-lik. 19-31. Opt-ics. 20-22. Att-ent (attention). 27-26. Yak-sha. 29-33. Bot-ree. 32-22. Cor-net. 33-34. May-hem. 36-25. Why-dah (Weaver Bird).

Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. Scholes (Bridgwater); 2nd prize: J. Walton (Bath); 3rd prize: C. M. Jenkin-Jones (York)

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